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Letters

Write to: Letters, *The Wire*, 23 Jack's Place, 6 Corbet Place, London E1 6NN
fax +44 (0)20 7422 5011. email letters@thewire.co.uk



Summary

April is the cruellest month

April 4 was, one of the best in all the uncountable years [The Who 200]. Germans – don't you just love them? Have you date a Frymer on German influence on David Bowie's best period? Saw you have but if you haven't, hey! But oh dear, what is this that stands before me! It's Dave Spert aka Rick from The Young Girls masquerading as Philip Clark. Jim Callaghan's Wister of Dovesnet was about to turn into a chamber pot!!! Chamber that what, precisely? Mao's China? The Soviet Block? Franco's Spain? Pinochet's Chile? Is Philip one of those people who believed the owners of East Germany pushed the Wall over to let the West in and free their fair way – running by a single twist of wrist to the welcome of the Federal Republic? No he's going on about Maggie Thatcher again and again and again. Luffies, via 25 years ago.

Death: Griffin, 11/25/05

Holy Cow

I read Philip Clark's feature on Henry Cow (The Primer, The Mike 280) with an overwhelming sense of nostalgia – not for the wrothian valorization of a lost world, but for the realization that the ethos generated by this particular group has outlived me.

was sense of creativity. And if by now I am that much older (to paraphrase Ronnie Leary) I am also younger. Too much.

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Moose Henry

Glad to see more Grimes than Grims in the last issue (The Wire 250). I'd been getting bored. And Alexander Baker's 'Span copes' letter is perhaps the funniest I've ever seen or my because is my short life.

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Festfunder general

Thanks for reviewing *Burning Water's* *Crippled*! *Leaflet* for *As I Found for Our Lord of Light* is *Recovering | The After 2000*. Good to see it. It wasn't really matter but there were a few historical details I thought I should clarify. Greg Anderson didn't play on any of the *Burning Water* recordings but did on two live gigs in Spring 1996 before moving to LA Area. *Farmed* match lists: in 2000, *Burning Water* actually ended in March 1991, actually as I said upon when I first decided to move to the UK, and subsequently work for *Mississippi Records*. We reunited for two gigs in California during a week in October 1995, after the initial release of

Flowers ... OK, slap A. Here. We always considered the two records as LPs, not EPs. Lastly, the band was erroneously Seattle based for its entire existence of a year and a half. OK, I'm anal but just wanted to clarify for posterity's sake.
Stephen O'Malley is small.

Whole meat again

Thanks for the review of my *Whalein Abuse* CD (The Wire 200). You might want to tell Clive Bell that when he calls a "slodgy drum machine" it is actually a rhythm from a Japanese whale, as it plays in the same varieties. Don't think it will make him like the record any, but he ought to know that it's not always "whale gao, furburgen bad". Come hear this music live on 22 July at London Royal Opera House in the Words of O'Neil World Festival, and decide for yourself. No slodgy drum machines will be present.

David Rothman via email

Killer Dilemma

Cave Ballard's autobiography on J Dilla gave a really good representation of how Dilla's music actually sounds (The Wire 200). I was really enjoying it until he said MacGibbs was by far a better MC than Dilla. Are you serious? I stopped reading there. There were many periods (reading too - is your add'l sleeping on Dilla's WTF @ was asked

American maverick

Just wanted to say thanks for the brilliant overview of Michael Hurley's career (The Wire 2006). As a



© Soundcheck

longtime fan of his records (I have to say that I wish I could see his name in print more often, as unfortunately even those who are fairly educated about so-called "underground folk artists" (sorry, it's early in the day and I'm at a loss for a better tag right now) know all too little about him and his connections to the growth of this kind of music over the last 40 or so years). Beyond that, his work also holds its own alongside other worthy American musicians you have listened over the years, such as Harry Smith, Harry Partch, Charles Ives and John Fahey. Michael has more than earned his place in the pantheon of greats and if you should be considering it for other uses, getting the record straight. His records will outlast us all. Now if only we could see a feature piece in a *Diary Of A Madman*, we would be all set. Keep on keepin' on!

Neil Daulton, Toronto, Canada

Seeing double

Does John Badger have something over on you too? First he appears on the cover (*The Wire* 288), the first issue type to do so since Derek Bailey way back when (*The Wire* 207), then in the following issue his latest CD (*My Our West*, with Teresa Miller and Dylan van der Schyff) gets not one, but two, rave reviews. Is something going on? I think we should be told.

Jim Lee, Glasgow, UK

New England's dreaming

I was very happy to see a profile of my close friend Brandon Murray (*The Wire* 288). Mr Murray is a very hardworking musician and an all round great human being (though he tends to lean towards the modest

side). The writing (because I must disagree with his statement that "Boston is not a hub of new music") that same issue also includes an article on Jeff Spence, another Boston native, and Brandon himself has plenty of folks (and I am proud to be one of them) who make it undeniable that Boston is, actually, a very serious hub of new music.

David Weiss via email

Wrath of the thunder gods

If Mike Barnes finds Boredoms' "Super Roots II" "unusually similar to Glenn Branson's guitar symphonies" (*The Wire* 290), it's because, obviously, they lifted a fragment from Rhyx Chanté's *De Dönnegötter*. Given that Chanté already has something of a reputation regarding Branson's alleged borrowing of his entire output, I'm sure the first thought even when someone else is borrowing his stuff up front he still gets mistaken for his rival will make his day.

On another note, while it's probably the school of thought that says that EYE and co can pretty much do no wrong, it does seem that they've spent the last five years riding off into outer space and it's getting awfully empty. While no one expects them to go back to their dark no-core days, a bit more humor, a bit more desire to embrace and a bit less of the robotic drum thing wouldn't go amiss.

J Am Dan via email

Girls allowed?

A suggestion: what about doing an interview with Girls Aloud? Now that might seem silly at first, perhaps a little and longer is cheeky way of selling magazines, but bear with me. While the group have

steadily solidified their reputation amongst critics, in interview situations and coverage they talk about anything but their work and their place in pop music. We have Sasha Frere-Jones calling them "England's best band" in *The New Yorker* but have we ever heard what their view is on their music being labelled derivative, on the edge and even experimental?

This is, of course, interesting as a broader context as part of a discussion about commercial music vs experimental music – can it truly be called experimental if it consistently charts in the Top Ten? Of course it can, but it's an excellent foundation for discussion. While the girls have only been allowed to answer simple questions before, they do not appear dumb. I am sure they would be able to answer questions about their work interestingly and, since it has never been done before, an investigation into how comfortably they fill the role of being a much lauded, but commercially successful group. It is of course their production team Xenomania who write most of the material, but that's not to say they are puppets on a string.

Certainly these are interesting questions for a magazine devoted to progressive and adventurous music. An adventure in modern music is exactly what it is – a unique phenomenon of the most commercial "mainstream" music maturing into a beast that haphazard critics applaud. I don't suspect you will pick up on my suggestion, but I did feel the need to get it out of my system.

Mette Hagenberg, Bergen, Norway

Corrections

Issue 288 We omitted a word from the title of the Audio Drags compilation reviewed in Soundcheck. The correct title reads *Ambient We! Not Ambient*. □

Bitstream

News and more from under the radar

Reggae pioneer **Mikkey Dread** (born Michael Campbell) died on 13 March in Stamford, Connecticut at the age of 63. He had been undergoing treatment for a brain tumour since October 2007. He played producer and broadcaster spring to fame as the Jamaican Broadcasting Company for his highly popular *Dread At The Controls* radio show, known for its dedication to homegrown music. As Mikkey Dread's effervescent presence on the radio, he went on to record his own material in the late 1970s including the albums *Dread At The Controls* and *African Anthem*, and collaborated with the likes of King Tubby and Carlton Patterson, as well as producing and touring with The Clash.

Call's *The New Decade* has been released by Impulse Records as part of a special four LP edition of their final album: *The Art Of Music*. Exclusively available in this set, *The New Decade* contains completed versions of tracks begun in 1996 for their last released *Electricity* LP which was originally recorded for Trent Reznor's Nothing Label. *The Art Of Music* material, meanwhile, is presented on three single sided vinyl LPs, with custom etchings on the B sides. www.impulserrecords.com

Husker and maverick **Dorothy Stone** has died aged 49. She was found dead at her California home on 7 March. Stone was numerous awards for her compositions during her career and in 1981 co-founded the new music ensemble the California EAR unit, who worked with artists such as Wedgwood Laro Smith and James Lowman.

Waddeley Delay will debut a new live group: *The Waddeley Delay Quartet*, across Europe and Japan in the coming months. The group features Paul Scott's Mike Vanzo on electronics, Derek Sherry on bass and Laura Capaldi on vocals. Delay is also due to appear at this year's *Festival Than Second Festival* (see Out There), and his own *Huume* label will release his album *Androm* on 13 May.

A fresh crop of new music publications hit the bookshelves this spring. **Glenn Art** has *New Music Graphics* by The Wire contributor Adrian Sherwood explains the relationship between sound, text and music in the download era featuring over 400 examples of sleeve design, and is published by Laurence King. **Black Dog Publishing** are releasing three new books: *The Queer* (edited by Lydia Lunch), *Out Here Now*, *The Independent Record Shop* and a new entry in their *Labels Unlimited* series on Immediate Records. Finally, a new biography on Incredible String Band, *Five: A Queer History* by Graham Ford is also due for imminent publication.

Berlin based film maker Uli M Schueppel is working on a documentary film about *Eastwesters* *Meister's* first concert in East Berlin on 21 December 1989. Following the fall of the Wall, Schueppel travelled with the group from their home



Mike Chertok

in the West of the city to the newly opened East, filming the journey and subsequent performance. He is looking for those who attended the concert to get in touch and offer their recollections of the event. More information is available at www.mikeguy.com/mikechertok

Raye Chertok's signature work *Guitar* (Title now available in ten different permutations on a single CD for Table Of/The Elements: *Enlaid Guitar* Is My Life and recorded during his 2007 North American tour, each version features a different ensemble of musicians - including members of Tortoise and Scratchboard - all putting their own imprint on this one chord composition.

Ajler Records are continuing their innovative download series of albums released with an idiosyncratic line-up featuring British jazz pioneer Ken Ryder and newsworld percussionist and ex-alongside saxophonist Andy Knight and bassist Sople. Working together as *Realtime* (the album *The Shores* is *Postcard* was recorded in November 2002) and is available only on download. www.ajler.com

Italian electroacoustic label *Roatan* will strengthen their not-for-profit credentials by offering all net proceeds from the distribution of their catalogue to *China Providence*, an Italian based charity working in Fano, Roatan are also promising to give away their records free to those who give a minimum donation to the institution through their Website. For details of how to contribute and receive CDs, [see www.roatan.com/roatan.htm](http://www.roatan.com/roatan.htm)

Critical Notice is a new music download site set up in conjunction with label and promoter Unknown Public. Featuring numerous recordings of works by UK composers made over recent years, high quality MP3s are available to download for under a pound. For more visit criticalnotice.com

Melvin's follow up their 2005 release, *Serif* (Anthem) with their new album *Nash With Boots* this July through (space) Records. Also set for release is

July is *Live From London*, a DVD of the Melvin's big band collaboration with Tardus featuring audio commentary from the Melvin's (also plus (space) co-owner Greg Winkler and soloist Danny DeVito

No Wave group **Teenage Jesus & The Jerks** are returning for one night only in celebration of Bryan Cole and Thurston Moore's new book *NO WAVE*. *Post Punk*, (Underground) New York, 1980-1990. The group are performing for two shows in one night on 10 June at New York's Knitting Factory.

Influential electronic music label **ROS Records** is to be relaunched after several years on hold. The relaunch will see the Belgian label relocating to the UK and releasing digitally remastered versions of classic albums from the likes of Aphex Twin, Model 508, Jody Selinger and Derrick May. The ROS back catalogue will also be available digitally for the first time ever with new releases planned to follow. www.rosrecords.com

The third day of the *Atmosphere 2 festival* at London's Museum of Garden History will be devoted to a concept much discussed in *The Wire* over the past few years - *bio-technology*. **Enlaid Hysterology** *Now*, the day will begin with an afternoon session featuring presentations from the Wire's Mark Fisher, Tashir Jon Woonman, archaeologist researcher Paul Devereux and Kodo's The evening will bring performances from artists including The Constables, Phila Jack and Kodo alongside The Squares. www.museumofgardenhistory.org/atmosphere2

The **Henry Smith Anthology** *Remixed* project continues its UK tour this June at Glasgow Centre for Contemporary Art. The exhibition, curated by The Wire, includes work from 24 artists and musicians making a visual artwork responding to individual tracks from Smith's groundbreaking *Anthology Of American Folk Music*. Artists include Bill Drummond, Karen Constantine, Yvonne Currey, Jack Frost, Heather Leigh Murray, Dylan Nyroon, John Olson and many more, and the exhibition begins on 21 June. www.cca-glasgow.com

Field recording and musician **Jay Wiley French** will begin a series of workshops, public performances and recordings over the coming months under the title *in Place*. Exploring aspects of sonic architecture, the project will involve field recordings across Europe from the Humber Delta in Yorkshire to Fagnoli's *Blackie 25 Gallery*. www.jaywileyfrench.blogspot.com

Multidisciplinary festival **Colosseum** has started a call for submissions for its 20th edition, held over three nights in Pochon, South East London from Thursday 11 September. The festival will feature sound, video, sculpture, installation, performance and music. To submit proposals see www.colosseum.org.uk. The deadline for submissions is 1 May. □

The Joined-up World of *The Wire*

Dean Roberts



Rex Exley

www.thewire.co.uk

New items going up on The Wire's official site this month include music from Dean Roberts, Green and Desplat, a selection of tracks by some of the musicians featured in this month's *Glacé* (see from Vancouver, artwork by Max Exley) and *Underground* (Robert's *Abel Hays*) and the credited transcript of Carl Craig's inevitable *Jahlove* interview.

In addition, the site will have more photos from Glasgow's Intel 08 festival, an exclusive mix by Miso Cakes to be in with her appearance at this year's *Prater Than Sound Festival* (see OutThere), plus live footage of Palmer Hatten and Hewlett & Hewlett filmed at last year's edition of *Prater Than*.

Sound!, a compendium to wife copies of *Prater Than*'s *Music* (see *Prater Than* 7 limited edition box set (see www.wire.co.uk for details); a special podcast by Gudrun Gut and audio streams of sets by Patrick Tonal & Roger Turner, *Tea & Cakes* (aka Jon Anderson) and *Pymon* (aka recorded live last November during *The Wire* 25 season).

Other recent additions to the site include music by Henry Gonsky, Michael Rother, J Gille Gudrun Gut, Religious Kites, Michael Hurley, Baby Dee, Vladimir Drey, Sighing and Wooden Ships; plus streams of sets recorded during *The Wire* 25 season by Matmos, Leah, Sonny Sessions with Tight Heat, Ivan Benavides and John Talbot with *Spring Heat* Jack, and Christine Markey's *Screen Play*.

Adventures in Motion Music on Resonance 104.4 FM

The Wire's weekly show on the UK's only arts radio station is broadcast across Central London on 104.4 FM every Thursday between 9-10.30pm, with simultaneous streaming at www.resonancefm.com. Recent editions of the show, all of which are archived at www.thewire.co.uk as downloadable MP3s or streams, have featured guest mixes from Hot Chip's Alexis Alford (7 February) and *Wavelengths*'s Sound (25 February).

Issue 252

The June issue of *The Wire* will be on sale from 16 May.

For more updates on what's happening in *The Joined-up World of The Wire*, sign up to *The Circular*, our fortnightly newsletter, or subscribe to our RSS feeds, both at www.thewire.co.uk.

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Trip Or Squeek By Savage Pencil



Jon Hassell

By Louise Gray

Man of the world

There comes a certain point in my life where I have a lot of things around me that I've done, and things seem to have just come together for me now," says Jon Hassell. "It's probably a dangerous state of mind to carry further and this may sound funny to you, but I feel like I have a Midas touch in some way."

Professionally active for more than 40 years as a trumpeter, Hassell's personal history of teachers and collaborations reads like a roll-call of the most significant shakers of post-war experimental music: Stockhausen, Terry Riley, La Monte Young, Gino and, perhaps most vividly, his Indian Kinnarapaganu Pandit Pran Nath. With a background like this, it follows that Hassell's music is going to be characterized as a new one-kind-by-procession—structured, mechanical, logical—and, on the other, a kind of ecstatic embrace of the instinctive, sensual and expressive.

Three months, the acoustics of this medieval Norwich Cathedral will resonate to the sounds of *In Tangah!* (The Night Sheel) a newly composed work for Sine Goyens and Jonathan Miller's Voice Project. One of the highlights of this year's Merlole and Newwin Festival, in Tangah (the text comes from a Navaho healing chant) represents a new departure for Hassell, whose trumpet and keyboards will be joined by Jon Bang (live sampling), Peter Froman (bass and laptop) and drummer Felix Luskoff (drums).

The Voice is essentially a music education project that brings a large and mainly amateur choir to awe and commission its that community aspect that got Hassell interested. "There are two or three things that just don't mix in music," he says. "One of them is a sense of Jesus Christ, another is gospel. I am increasingly delighted at the idea of being in the middle of a high note, 150 voices and the resonant atmosphere of a church."

Hassell also opens a *Isato* program to give a flavor of *In Tangah!* sound. The room is filled with gentle pulses, electronic paddles and some treated trumpet coming over like a wooded woodwind sound, then vocal harmonies, rising and drifting into new harmonic pour out. It's simultaneously recognizable Hassell and appreciably different. The result is something at work is very much a product of his years with Pran Nath. "He taught me to look at the shapes or contours, the serpentine quality of music," he says.

It's this layered silence of a lifetime of work that Hassell alludes to when he speaks of things coming together. *In Tangah!*'s use of sound within a built environment recalls his *3000 State* projects, a series of spatial sound works using Moog filters that began in the 1970s and then their breath—a notion as

crucial in yoga teachings—that causes the trumpet to play the chant to sing. Even the Navaho night chant fits right in. "I read this book some time ago me a long time ago called *Techniques Of The Sacred*, in which there were translations of very strange things—there even a drum song in there," Hassell explains. "It's all about high note-low note and the language is such that you can understand what's being said in two pitches in the drums. I started with the melody and that moves down in fifth to an eighth chord and the chant suggested something that was repeated."

There's also a more personal dimension. While reluctant to write music that used the English language ("You're too close to it"), Hassell was nervous of "spinning the wheel of a full-on contrabass" for the sake of it. "But the two girls I've collected are Native American and I felt that this was a great chance." This is so whose connection are effectively made is characteristic of his conception of "worldly music." "Worldly music implies that you are not using the traditionalism as your source. It's just that you're somewhere else twisted around, and it's part of your remounting and your house and the things you have on your wall. I am actually working on a book called *The North And South Of The*. The idea is there's an equator of the world line separating the body. The North is all intelligence, no sexuality and no respect for the sales."

This is a part an idiosyncratic rewriting of Renaissance humanist theory—a huge worldview in which human knowledge and the body were situated into a sacred and cosmological framework. "I'm really digging into this now," Hassell says. "The book's also about species animals. We are animals, but we've had enough time to forget this. It's about description and language, so that the connection between the word and the experience it stands for is very distant. All we have now are representations." The endless preferences of digital technology can move very far away from playing a note on the trumpet or singing, feeling the breath coming out of your body and feelinging "this," he explains. "The body and the breath were the basis of Fourth World and then there was this digital extrinsic. It was never that 'digital is bad, acoustic is good'."

The *North And South Of The* originally had a subtitle: *The Erotic Worldview*. "Yeah, it's changed," Hassell says. "It's now called *Making The World Safe For Pressure*," he laughs. "You can see where I'm going." ☐ Jon Hassell with The Voice Project and The Lipper Sky Choir perform in Tangah! (The Night Sheel) at Norwich Cathedral on 17 May



Midnight touch: Jon Hassell

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If America's regard with House music is a love affair that has endured for nearly a quarter of a century, the UK's relationship with it has been more akin to a cheap, messenless fling. Throughout the vibrant years of drum 'n' bass, UK Garage and Grime, House music in the UK was generally the bland, enervated choice for those who wanted something to dance to but couldn't relate to anything but the vanilla platitudes of a mid-tempo house pulse.

Yet that conventional wisdom has changed with the rise of Baseline, an explosive House variant, nurtured in Northern and Midlands cities such as Sheffield, Leeds and Nottingham in recent years, which is now infecting both the toughest regions of underground dance music and in waning down from the pop charts. Baseline's exaggerated sub-bass makes for unbridled, even unhinged music, with propulsive forward thrusts and quizzical asymmetrical tangents all condensed into the brief, frenetic moment when the bass drops. Its closest ancestors are not mainstream House, but such pleasure-oriented yet irreducibly funky genres as jumpin' Jungle, Speed Garage or Miami Bass.

It's a style that has a natural appeal for Dexplicit, a quintessential producer whose work has spanned Garage, Grime and now Baseline since the early 2000s. Baseline has taken popper music's traditional obsessions with the car and the telephone to a logical conclusion, with tracks built for underfloor woofers and riddims streamed into the condensed attention span of phone ring tones, and while he picks me up at the railway station near his house in North London, one enough, the car behind is pumping out Baseline.

The nervous and nervous moment of Dexplicit's beats, like a redemptive computer

soldier fighting until his last breath, has made him an instantly identifiable producer in any genre he's worked in. It's a style paid wonderful tribute by the original title of Lethal 9's "Pow" — produced by Dexplicit back in 2004, and arguably the most influential Grime track ever — which was first known as "Forever". His new Baseline EP channels his trademark intensity into the new sound of the moment.

His demeanor is contrastingly laid back, joking good-naturedly about the suburban dreariness of his home turf of Brimsdown, and referring to Central London where he's come from as "deep in the city". He explains how his recent dalliance with Baseline was partly about keeping up with the times: "There was a point, everyone could see Grime was slumping, and the Baseline thing was cropping up in the same time. I'd asked to whether I have to adapt to it's like the evolution of the dinosaurs," he laughs. Despite this recent conversion, his early work was unwittingly crucial to the development of Baseline.

"Years ago, around the time of my early releases, I did a tune called 'Bulldozer'. To me, it was just a Garage tune," he recalls. "A few years later the UK North scene, they took to the tune and blew it up." The Northern scene is destined to have captured the kind of cross-gender, Bitchness energy that is a core of the primary motors of dance music, but can be repressed or disrupted in the mostly male world of Grime. "Everything that we mix down here we mix there," he remarks, "all different colors, loads of girls. People were rising, wearing shoes," referring to the hoodies and basketball caps more commonly associated with Grime.

He explains how he attempts to span this gender divide. "Most types of music, females like melody, guys like weight. So I try and get both," he says. "I

try and build the intro first, so whenever it loads out, that's where I go with the bass. Everything I lay in is always in my head first, which is baseline, which pops, opens between. The flow of the bass, the melody of the bass, that's what I try and work out."

Despite the remorseless forward momentum of Dexplicit's beats, he considers that Baseline's message of A4 beats with extra heppings of bass is a return to something akin to UK Garage of 1990s vintage. "You know what, I've been seeing that for ages, but then I thought, I'm going to shut up now. I kept getting in trouble," he laughs. "To me, it's Garage, everything has an A4 beat." For his part, he is at least trying to revisit the past creatively. Duplicating his perspective album, he means a Baseline tune with Grime MCs which, inspired by "flow", will feature a snarling line-up of MCs, each taking a short turn at the mic in the manner of a military roll-call.

With its vague for endless love and feelings, tangents and variations in a song's base, one wonders whether Baseline House will eventually run out of room to manoeuvre, like a snake trapped in a glass trying itself in knots. But with it and London's Punky House scene, an unending producer who have previously cut their teeth in Grime, there is at least a sense of flow and freedom in the wider ground which suggests any number of strange crossroads could be in the offing. "When 'Flow' came out, I was looking on the Internet and someone was saying they were disappointed at me for building a track like that, because they were more used to the older stuff, the two-step Garage that I used to make. But I always expect that, because the UK scene moves so fast, next year everybody will probably be making something else." □ The Baseline EP is out now on download from www.dexplicit.co.uk. To hear Dexplicit's music, go to www.dexplicit.co.uk

Cracked everyday electronics



Frans de Waard

"I don't think music changes at all," Frans de Waard of Goem, Bennequin and Freibord (among others) once remarked. "Music is like history – it's development. It's a game of dots that changes colour every now and then. The idea that music changes is a lie by the record industry eager to launch new hypes, selling old as new." This might sound like an extraordinarily claimant, even cynical observation. And yet, while de Waard might stand by it, he has behind him almost 30 years of engagement with music and sound manipulation, a bulging discography to which he's constantly adding – one of his latest projects is Zebra, taking up where Goem left off at the beginning of the century. The idea of the experiment he experienced upon his first exposure to Twisting Sister, Steve Reich and Alvin Lucier has never dimmed.

The son of a classical music obsessive and author, de Waard went from pop to experimental music at night, experimental into pop by the time he was 14. In 1975, he had given up listening to pop music altogether, a somewhat fairly cultural taste for a youngster in Nijmegen, Holland. In 1984, he reached Kapotte Muziek, Dutch for "broken music", the pseudonym of de Waard's father, owned for many years by his father. His beginnings were in a cassette compilation de Waard had made of Dutch industrial music. A college friend bought one of the tapes, made a cassette of similar music of his own, which he handed back to the musically untrained de Waard, who subsequently created a remix of it. In this sense, his musical talent must not really change much sense, because in his present day work, he remains essentially true to his earliest methods. "These days, I find myself more and more interested in the techniques I used when working with tapes," he says. "Spinning, changing, pinching, cutting and editing. All that I learned from working with tapes comes back now. I've even tried switching back to my four-track but it's in repair."

Kapotte Muziek became a home recording project, eventually involving fellow collaborators like Rudi Martens and Peter Duimelink when playing

live. Alvin Lucier's (*An Sitting in a Room* was a key reference point, then as now, displaying the distance between sound science and the real world at constant tempering. In its time, during the '60s, de Waard went off on various diverse strands, giving each project a different title according to its nature – *Goem* for his Ambient outings, *Shift* for his guitar-based sound treatments and *Captain Black* for his (unrealised) remakes of other artists' work.

It was as Goem, however, that de Waard and his cohorts made a wider impact. With their recordings appearing on labels like Rustemusic and Mego Goem found their conceptual beginnings in the discovery of an item known as a "rubber oscillator" discovered by Moog in a thrift store in the early '60s. "It basically gave out pulses, and we could change the speed and the intensity," says de Waard. "After he got bored with it, he gave it to me. I put it in a steady pulse, recorded the pulse, and then copied that with with, say, reverb or delay. It was my own version of Steve Reich's phase-shifting technique. I guess." The results of de Waard's non-musically exploration of the device are audible as *Shut Stim* (1993). However, the eventual realisation of Goem's studio volumes about the fluidity of de Waard's approach. After 2001, having decided they were "kind of on a repeat mission", only if Goem's three members were free to make solo recordings as Goem if the mood took them.

De Waard's current activities truly the extreme informality of his work. Freibord's *Reflexion* is a remix of Atmos Tiddlers's *DiscovertheMuziek*, whose tracks all happen to go by the name of "Freibord", a source of some confusion on iTunes. *Orbis* is a collaboration between Freibord and Machelelelek (Wagner Zuercher), in which a 95-second piece of relatively straightforward experimental pop listed by Martin Lutter is extended. Then reworked between de Waard and Zuercher, who process, edit and ultimately mix it into a barely recognisable departure from the original.

De Waard professes no philosophical underpinning for his work – he believes music, as an abstract form, is inseparable of bearing any

such meaning. "I love the beauty of sound," he says simply. "Take and take them, transform them and make something that I think is beautiful and hopefully the listener will think so too." Then there is Zebra, which de Waard describes as Goem's successors, even though the latter are still alive. Highlight of Zebra's *The Black And White Album* is a minimalist, highly playful remix of the Indoc piece his "Last Night A DJ Saved My Life" entitled "Last Night A DJ Saved My Life", which appears in 'loose' midway through.

The odder string in de Waard's bow may be Bennequin, a mostly conventional trio who make minimalist, dreamlike guitar pop reminiscent of The Cowboy Junkies. I wonder if they are some sort of halfway, designed to last the unassuming ear. De Waard's more abstract stuff? "No, not really," he responds. "I like doing various things, very various things. Bennequin and Zebra are clearly pop music to me ears. Freibord is my 'anything goes' project, from the very soft to the very loud. It's what I did with Kapotte Muziek in the past, except I have reserved that name for our live trio now. It's funny to see how some of that doesn't meet up in the real world. It would be nice if people who love Bennequin pick up on, say, Freibord, but it doesn't happen that, not a lot."

And so, from pop to his abstractness, we come full circle. Clearly, despite his casual departure, de Waard never fully abandoned his teenage pop days. The title of *Reflexion* is a homage to Gary Numan, de Waard shamelessly declares Paul McCartney as an artist with whom he would like to collaborate (well, McCartney did play with ABM, noting a song along a redactor at one of their 1996 performances), and last, as part of his tribute to his heroes, George Martin, "for making something as beautiful and powerful with such limited means. For years, I worked with four-track only and knowing that limitation, one can have a real head to the matter." [Goem? Robbed to our new as *Secret Voice*. Freibord's *Reflexion* is on Monochrome Wagon. Freibord's *DiscovertheMuziek* is on Low Point. Bennequin's *Sundering* is on Argonaut. To hear a Goem live recording, go to www.thewire.nl or

Global Ear Vancouver

A survey of the sounds from around the planet. This month: In the secret venues and fake jazz of the city's underground, Allan MacInnis encounters pre-Winter Olympic jitters

Black Mountain



Josh Stevenson



Experiment 8000 Seattle

Located on the peripheries of Vancouver's unapologetically downtown expanse, the Cobalt is nominally "Vancouver's Hardcore Bar," but once a week, on Fake Jazz Wednesdays, it becomes home for groups like No Wave new-waveists Shining Pink And The Mutants' harsh noise experiments The Pits, the mass hardcore-free improv beyond The Screw And The Pig, or the all female Her Jazz Noise Collective. Performers are often young, untamed and earnestly strange, and quality is variable, though sometimes Fake Jazz sees visiting heavy hitters — Eugene Chadbourne and Ben Benning warmed up for the 2007 Vancouver International Jazz Festival there — or more established locals like BCVCJ, the newest project by Josh Stevenson.

Stevenson — an ex-Jackie-O Motherfucker member and founder of Dark Nordic Archives, the label that recently released Phillie Womans' early tape collage and Bushy 100 Series experimentals — plays EMS Synth ARS and drums machine in the all-synthetic project, also featuring Black Mountain's Shale Caves keyboardist Jeremy Schmidt on Oberheim OB-X and Two Voice "We're all total synth collectors," Stevenson laughs, "and even had the good fortune of buying able to get a lot of cool equipment."

"Fake Jazz is an important forum for experimental music in Vancouver," he continues. "People can create one-off projects and try it out and see if it works." A BCVCJ performance at a Fake Jazz offshoot at the artist-run Henson Project — a music hub for fans of boundary-jumping — is available for download at www.bccvcoj.com.

Unfortunately, in the massive wave of gentrification that marks the approaching 2010 Winter Olympics, the future of the Cobalt is uncertain. "We kind of disconcerting," Cobalt proprietor van der Werf explains, "because they're just used to do the

building next door the sleazy artist's residence. It's going to be turned into an eight-story steel and glass highrise with a view of the Cobalt parking lot." Similarly, Keith Perry of Scratch Records, distributor of much of Canada's independent music, nervously eyes the mass renovations next door to his store. A few blocks away, the popular venue Richards On Richards — formerly the Leasedroom, a focal point for the first wave of Vancouver punk — has long been running under more or less impending demolition. Its troublemaker because, as Heather Jean McDevitt notes, "the lack of space to have performances is a major problem for musicians in the city."

McDevitt is marketing and communications manager for Vancouver Fine Music, a non-profit organization that runs the city's "ambient listening" Soundwalks and has brought The No Neck Blues Band, Diemidde Galka, Keith Rivers, Maya Plakho and Fred Fehn to town. She also plays double bass guitar, sax, glassblowing and loaves in "the joyland of the demented," The Crawling Planks, known for a source, according to new arrangements of off-colour non-its by Canadian songwriters like JJ "The A Loopy Lay" Meader. More seriously, Heather plays processed violin and banjo in the intensely dense experimental score project *Idiosyncrasy*. Dotsy Kozak

"It seems most of the really innovative stuff is happening in semi-legitimate alternative spaces, like galleries, or illegal warehouse spaces, rehearsal space," McDevitt says. Her favourite, latest performance was a Crawling Planks show at the Mulligan, a housing McDonald's that once housed vectors to Expo 86, now enclosed developer with the furniture ripped out, a ghost of development frustration paid "if they'd come upon us having an event there, we'd have been arrested for trespassing. But 35 or 40 people came out, which, considering everybody

was breaking the law and had to be towed across the street, was a good turnout." Of course, playing such spaces means not advertising, which further limits attendance.

"There's a real romantic idea of playing these off the grid, underground places," fellow EDM member Ben Kike says. An improviser who uses theremin, alphas, control mids and electronics, Kike regularly efforts tips, stencils, notes, shows in parking garages, and helps arrange near-potable breakfasts. Performances range from the minimal laptop experimentation of O42 to the harsh catharsis of Flagship and the horror movie Metal-influenced Industrial noise of Satornatus. The last event was held, typically in an abandoned office building with an alleyway entrance, abstract video feedback art from Pandora's Soundbox decorated the walls indoors, so could be address and homeless provided for hundreds of people to find the r and r awards.

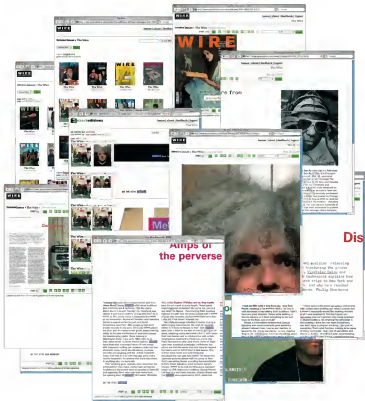
A serious space with a long history is TOTT, the address it seems certain but you can find there by subscribing to 1987@vancouvergroup.com. Though it has functioned as a rehearsal performance space for years, mainly by a roving collective of jazz improvisers like Peggy Lee, Ron Bennewitz and Dylan van der Schuyff, the tentative nature of the management has kept anyone from getting too comfy there, which accounts for the lack of decoration: the walls are bare and white, tangled wires stick through the drywall, and the seating is a haphazard jumble of couches scavenged from thrift stores. Visiting performers have included Eugene Chadbourne, David Gahan, Robert de la Motte, Tobias Dant, Arlington de la Motte and Kazuo Tanaka, and, in effect, projects by collective members dominate, including The Inhabitants, Rand Offgrens, and Coat Cookin' Bag's Black Blood.

I asked 1987@JP Coeur drummer and electronics for the Miles Davis Steel Youth House at The Inhabitants if the venue's unofficial nature spawned any interesting stories. "Well, there's a pore studio nearby, and you'll often get some of the ladies coming in all badly with their bathbombs and their glasses of wine," he shrugs. Similarly, van der Schuyff says and later. More frequently, fellow tenants will complain about "wild noises," while improvisers compete for sonic space with blumming techno filtering through the walls.

Center, a sports bar, cautiously hopes for the best come 2010. Fellow 1987 member Bassist and The Screw And The Pig drummer Dave Chadbourne, is more cynical. "Vancouver is the most expensive city and contains the poorest economic region in all of Canada. To take all the public money and throw it at the lack of income in building is a waste."

Speaking as a musician, not a VNM rep, McDevitt agrees. "So far as displacement of people for housing, and skyrocketing rental costs — which is one of the issues a lot of artists are pushing out of your city." □ To hear more from the Vancouver underground, go to www.thevnm.ca

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Cross Platform Sound in other media

Radiophonic Workshop survivors, a John Cage masterpiece and vinyl-killers just some of the highlights of this year's multi-disciplinary AV Festival. By Andy Hamilton



Dick Mills in the BBC Radiophonic Workshop, 1970s

AV is the UK's largest festival of electronic arts biennial – AV 2006 is the third – and this year's theme was Broadcast, coinciding with the analogue TV switch-off and inauguration of a fully digital era. Events covered all aspects of broadcasting, focused as a wide range of venues in North East England, both obvious and unexpected. The Radiophonic events at Sage Gateshead, celebrating the 50th anniversary of the BBC Radiophonic Workshop, were especially apt. An illustrated talk by original Workshop members and co-creator of the *Dr Who* theme, Dick Mills, attracted a capacity audience covering all age groups, showing nostalgia for radiophonic's popular event gardens, and its enduring appeal. Affection for childhood TV is common, but this was many people's first introduction to electronic music – just as, not long before, most people's first acquaintance with modernist melody was via film music. The current version of the *Dr Who* theme is co-orchestrated by John Williams, *Pan to M*, which most went as humming down.

I caught up with Dick Mills afterwards, when he talked about how he came to find himself in that line of work in 1967. "It was my second job – after National Service," he explains. "As the pay was about three times what I was going to get back at the newspaper office, it seemed a good strategy. I was a radio technician in the RAF and the sight that would send me in good stead at the interview? For two years he was a recording engineer at Broadcasting House. In the pre-tape era – correspondents returned to the studio to record onto 75 spin discs to be played on the newscast.

A vacancy arose at the Radiophonic Workshop – "I went over there, and stayed 38 years!" Mills explains. It was a service department and a lot of the sound manipulation was of pre-recorded material from the BBC Sound Effects library – very much a DIY band to mouth aspiration, with equipment begged or borrowed from their departments. "It was more in plastic knife than cutting edge. We did have Philips tape machines, they were new. Mostly it was tape-based equipment." In the early years, he and Delia Derbyshire were the "sound snobs", the others were "turnmen". "Delia was manipulating recorded sounds, but in a musical way," Mills explains.

"I later emphasised support for her more musical creative talents." He worked with Deribylshire on the Workshop's most famous product, the *Dr Who* theme composed by Ron Grainer. Grainer wrote several signature tunes, including *Soyuzdetfilm* and *Son*, but *Dr Who*'s legendary sonic effects were the work of Mills and Derbyshire – the Tardis was a key rubbed down the inside of a glass. "The credits used to say 'Ron Grainer and the BBC Radiophonic Workshop', which implies that he created it at the Workshop. But Ron didn't do anything, he just appeared at it at the end!" Mills argues. He also worked briefly on *The Goats and Sails*, with Douglas Adams on *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*.

Classical composers such as Miles and Robert Granger collaborated with the Workshop, and Mills worked with Granger the very fine, still neglected Danish student of Schoenberg. "I had a long association – it was fabulous," Mills recalls. "The BBC had commissioned Robert to write a symphony for a radio and tape machine, *Collage*." Granger

John Jacques Perry and Brian Duffell



lived in Cambridge, near a main road. "The only time he could record his live sounds was about 3am when the lorry stopped going past his house!" Mills added this anecdote and also had the task of opening the tape part at the Festival Hall premiere – the four speakers in the body of the octopus "were only run enough for the job!" – and came out of retirement to do the same for a later performance.

"The golden age of the Workshop was the 60s – while we were inventing," Mills continues. "After local radio came in, around 1965, it became apparent that we could provide cheap background music." The act and option technology continued until the appearance of computers and sequencers in the late 60s and early 70s. Mills recalls that he went onto *Dr Who* full time in 1971, and sequencers weren't being used then. "In the early 70s multi-tracking came in, then samplers – you could put any sound into the Roland, and whenever you played it on the keyboard it was a low-pitch or higher pitch version of it... But the common theme in both [early and late] systems is the difficulty in creating the [early] ideas in the first place." When *Dr Who* finished as long run, Mills was redeployed in a new reduced capacity. The Workshop's days were numbered. Taking early retirement, he devoted himself to his tropical fish, on which subject he's written several books.

The Sage also hosted a rare UK appearance by French electronic music luminary Jean-Jacques Perry performing at that evening's Radiophonic Live show (co-located with a set by Brian Duffell and Duffell from Broadcasting) with fellow keyboardist Dave Coates. At 75, Perry still has amazing energy,



©David Fraser: Ben Poole performs Caga's Postphone 811

presence and rapport with dubbers. His club career goes back to the 40s, when he recorded with Charles Trent and worked with Edith Piaf, who arranged for him to have the run of a recording studio. Interested in tape manipulation following a meeting with Pierre Schaeffer, he went to adopt his technique to lighter material. Later, befriending Robert Moog, he created "the out electronic entertainment" with synths. He's still doing it and the audience loved his electronic patches, available to the home and library of Spike Jones and his City Slickers.

On a more serious note – at sound tribute – the BBC Centre hosted the UK premiere of John Cage's *Winterbells* kit, first seen and heard in 1966 in New York and nicely so. Cage described it as "indeterminate in form and detail [using] only those sounds which are in the air at the instant of performance". The first performances were in a series by artists, including Rauschenberg and Tudor, working with Bell Telephone engineers – later to New York's subway, a power station, a leak-dog kennel, and Merce Cunningham's studio led into the sound manipulation system. Here, Atsu Tanaka, Matthew and Joventine used Newcastle's ordons, and equipment from the 60s version was combined with new technology – contact mics on household appliances such as a blender, a juicer and a fan. Caga counters: appliances and a public generator completed this sound sources version kit, along with 1/4 inch 16" mics, photocells, activated as performers and audience move around, for distributing sound.

There were two performances on the same evening, and the second, Atsu Tanaka said, was the "rock 'n' roll version". Tanaka – now based

at Newcastle's Culture Club – less qualified that description. "The first act was concerned more with silence and space," he explains. "We were being very cautious in recording and recording. *Winterbells* kit as Caga had 'composed'. It. The second act was different – we were more comfortable with the set-up of electrical appliances, photocells, oscillators, radio and bio-signal sources, and we felt we injected our interpretation. But listening to the recordings afterwards, the second performance sounded closer to the signal as we had seen it on the film." They were lucky to have a attendance at the BBC some participants from the 1966 event – Julie Moran, co-organiser, and film maker Barbara Schatz – and Maria had been amazed at how close the assembled sound sources were to the original. It was a haunting event to which the gallery space was skilfully used – a rare example of Caga (unintentionally?) communicating emotionally.

In the interval between the two performances, German/Dutch sound artists Soundblast Sound System (David Jan Holaja and Ceesje Stalenoel) performed their delightful, whimsical symphony "Yakimoko, in which key one was needles and radios, called "Vinyl-Killers, rue round as special records, each one effectively a little record player. Indeterminacy was questioned by the different energy levels of the batteries, and interference between the transmitters.

Newcastle's excellent Culture Club, the university's centre for media arts, hosted the Music And Machines conference, featuring such luminaries as Douglas Kahn, Brandon LaBelle, Atsu Tanaka and Takao Kogawa. Kogawa's presentation was especially engaging – a demonstration of "harmonicizing



©Constantin David Systems Technology

or "pointcasting" in which he assembled a crude transmitter from a watch, using it not only to interview a radio broadcast, but also to accept video signals which he transmitted to a small portable TV. Interviewer is a single scale and described by The Guardian, whose (ironically) moving sound intervention in Newcastle's city centre that lunchtime had opened up shades of difference between public and private spaces. His radio-carrying group fed in some sites upon handset shop managers as they quickly revealed their store, apparently trespassing unwanted banners of obscenity.

Chris Watson, whose career spans the twin cultural zones of Cabaret Voltaire and David Attenborough, gave a brilliant talk at Sunderland Museum on his approach to wildlife recording, as an introduction to his new audio kit work within Winter Gardens which increased the experience of a day in a tankforest. He lucidly clarified the contrast between "ambient wild track", "habitat" and "featured species" the elements from which a soundtrack is constructed, explaining the difficulties of getting an adequate signal ("featured species") to ambient noise, which in the case of a sea distant thrust was achieved by using a simple parabolic reflector. Other illustrations included "teaching" Nippon and vultures pending a storm onsets. Over the ten days of the festival there were many other interesting events, including *Funfair* at Newcastle's Digital, where the number line end – for any ears at least, long immune to Mosquito ultrasonic youth deterrent – donated the path a virtuous ultrasonic shifts and glitzies. On the evidence of this festival the avenues open to retooling in the digital era are broader than ever. □

Invisible Jukebox Carl Craig

Every month we play a musician a series of records which they are asked to identify and comment on – with no prior knowledge of what they're about to hear. Tested by Philip Sherburne Photography by Kai von Rabenau

Carl Craig may be known as one of Detroit Techno's second wave of producers, but probably no other Motor City artist has remained as relevant for as long, in quite as expansive a context. Born in Detroit in 1968, Craig was first exposed to Detroit Techno in the late 80s via a cousin who ran the lighting for Jeff Mills. After early collaborations with his first wave mentor Derrick May, Craig struck out on his own in the early 90s. Recording as BB, BFC, Psycho, Paperclip People, Tres Demented and under his own name – as well as a slew of other aliases and collaborations – he developed an instantly recognisable (and oft imitated, if rarely matched) style, at once lush and economical, bursting and streamlined.

While known principally as a Techno artist, Craig's musical journey hasn't stopped there. The 1992 track "Bug In The Bassbin", recorded by his Innerzone Orchestra, is widely credited as sparking a revolution in breakbeat based music, while his Detroit Experiment brought together artists from the city's jazz and hip-hop scenes; more recently Craig recorded with Phil Saxein, Wendell Harrison and other

members of Detroit's faded jazz label Tribe for an upcoming Techno-jazz fusion project. He also had a hand in Urban Tribe's *The Collapse Of Modern Culture*, a groundbreaking down-tempo collaboration between Sherard Ingram, Kenny Dixon Jr and Anthony "Shaki" Shakir, and his one-off projects range from participating in Ricardo Villalobos's improvising laptop collective Nard Niki to performing on Industrial designer Harry Bertoletti's sound sculptures.

In the last few years, Craig has redoubled his presence with a stream of remixes fed through House and Techno clubs across the world. Many of these – for artists like Theo Parrish, Della Gonzalez & Gavin Russom and Rhythm & Sound – are collected on *Sessions*, a mixed double CD released by UK7 in January. His remix of Junior Boys' "Like A Child" was even nominated for a Grammy award. (It lost out to the Italian pop-dance producer Benny Benassi's remix of Public Enemy's "Bring The Noise".)

The Jukebox took place in UK7's Berlin offices on the eve of Craig's trip to LA for the Grammy awards ceremony.

Kikrolous

"Life's A Jungle"

FROM AOR & DUTY #1 (WHITE LARD), 1979/1994

(Before the second bar ends) I don't know who made the original, I only know the edit. No, I do. I think I have a copy of the original, but this is a Ron Hardy edit. It's a serious dance tune but it's a bit down for a minute and a half or two minutes. It's really a cheesy disco record.

This is titled as Ron's edit, but, remember too it that it's not actually legendary Chicago House DJ Ron Hardy, but a tribute to him.

It's possibly a guy from Amsterdam that did it. There's somebody that transcribed Ron Hardy's sets and it did them. Every cut that he made, the guy recreated the cut, exactly how he did it: its took the vinyl, put it in the computer, and cut everything as Ron Hardy did it. So it's very possible that this is his thing, but – there's no easy beatings flying around that you never know.

Did you ever know Ron Hardy play?

Yeah. I went to the Music Box [in Chicago] a couple of times. I mean, that whole experience was quite phenomenal, because when I was 13 or so my sister had a boyfriend who was from somewhere Indiana, which is right on the border with Illinois. And he had these tapes from WBMX. He let me borrow a couple of them, and it was the most amazing shit that I had ever listened in my life. Which some friends of mine told me about Ron Hardy, it was like, "OK, well, Chicago, I'll be able to check out WBMX". I don't remember him as being very wild when he played. I got to meet him, and I think I met Frankie Knuckles at the same time. But the energy and the music and what he was doing – he was such a visionary. I think he had to have been a little crazy.

What was he using?

Turntables, and everybody had tape decks. The only way to play his edits: because he was known for his edits, was to play them from tape. I used to carry a tape deck with me when I first started playing. I was making these songs and as I was able to blend as a DJ more, I would get into the tape deck and blend it with one. If it wasn't for those tape decks, I wouldn't be able to do now.

You learned to edit on tape? How painstaking was that?

It could be very easy, if you know what you're doing. The idea is how to keep track of what's yours. Once you cut something out, if you want to use it later, you have to mark it. If you're doing something in a computer program and you cut a piece, you can save it to the clipboard. But you had to know where that fucking tape was, and you're taking 1200 feet, where you're cutting up shit that's at three minutes, and you want something there at ten minutes, we're talking probably 300 feet of tape that's going past. That's some crazy shit. But I think that the greatest way to learn is to learn in an old way. I don't think that people who don't learn to master vinyl first can be really great mastering engineers, because you can't know the info and problems as that you have to go through in order to really master a record the way it should be.

Junior Boys

"Last Exit" (Fernandez Remix)

FROM AFTERHOURS/UK7 (UK7), 2000

Is it a remix of The Junior Boys?

Yes, a Fernandez remix from the first CD. When I first heard your Junior Boys mix, the vocals and the music almost didn't seem to work together, as

though they were in different keys, but the more I listened, the more sense it started to make. What was your strategy?

To make a hot mix. That's the bottom line. What you heard that would be potentially out of tune were things I took directly from them, so the expander like at that line, and the narrow it. I play I think I sampled from something from them. It was all source material. When I work I just feel shit cut. Sometimes when I'm feeling it out, it doesn't work and sometimes it does. Sometimes if it is out of tune it's kind of cool, and sometimes if it's perfectly in tune it sucks. My goal at the end of it was just to make a good production that wasn't a typical – though it does have my voice, you can tell it's my style. I manipulated the vocals so that it almost a Max Headroom tohmoat, so that they repeat and do these little subtle things, not so drastic as putting the voice through some right but thing. Remember, I focus at the end of it is to make a hot-ass mix. Don't mess, you know, that I'm reading Hunter S. Thompson at the time and I want to make something that sounds druggy, or I'm listening to Jean Michel Jarre and I want to make something like that, just you know, it is what it is, and it it comes out not wanting them I throw it away and by something else. You definitely have a groove style epic, but restrained. Like the way you whittled the kick drum for ages in the Duke Gonzalez/Benny Russom mix. I like finding that amount of drama that goes into the mix. It doesn't go excessively into how I composed it, it goes into how I mix it. The process is more what comes in that that two-track stereo mix there in how I edit it together. With the Della and Gavin thing, the drama is in the filter changes and the mix sense changes. It goes like you're going up in a



collaborated, and then the big Maag sound impacts. Me, bro! You're going down. When the strings hit, it's like, 'I don't realize that strings were even going to come into this shit, I thought it was just going to be an A&P track.' You're kind of appreciating it, but it's still enough energy that it's really taking the interest level higher and, potentially, I would hope that it would inspire goosebumps.

Harry Belafonte "B125 Unfolding"

FROM *WALL-TO-WALL* (1997) 1:10

[After ten seconds of indistinct white] Belafonte, you worked with his sculptors. What did you use? Any of them that they had in the local Detroit area? Cranbrook University had an installation of Belafonte sculptures and there are quite a lot in the Detroit area. We have, like, Ford executives, the Ford family, all these people that have a collection of looking cash. You would never believe that we have that kind of money in the Detroit area. But sculptures began in Detroit, as The Last Poets' Umar Bin Hassan told me. He's like, "Capitalism started in Detroit." It started with Henry Ford. So Cranbrook has kept a relationship over time with the families of anybody who donates money to the school, and they were able to bring it maybe about 50 sculptures. I don't know if you've ever seen a Belafonte sculpture. They come in various sizes. He has these tabletop ones that are inwood, and there are ones that come out, they're like rods. And as the top of the rods there's a checker piece that goes around it, and they stand like a tall tree, and you just rub your hand around it and it makes this sound. There he has these ones that are as tall as the ceiling that look like the same or might be in a cluster of rods that just stand real tall. I had to play them with white gloves to make sure I didn't get any oils on them. With the ones that stood up straight, you put [hand of belt] them and they move in various directions and make these sounds. After [playing], there were these old Detroit money people that were coming up. I'm so happy to see this happen, because the only time these got touched is when the med is closing them. It's that kind of thing, just like in the River. The Cover With The Wind. It was really quite busy and exciting and exciting. And then the Belafonte records are amazing. I was into the records before I played the sculptures.

Did you record your performance?

I did the day after. The idea was to take the recording and add some other stuff onto it. But I have never gone back to it. I really need to.

Phil Ranallo "Wax From The Tribe"

FROM *WALL-TO-WALL* (1997) 2:00, REC 1:10

Outcomes, Outcomes. Outcomes, Francisco Man, right? Or not? Sounds just like something Francisco did. San Ra?

Derick...

Is this [translator] Marcus [Solgrave]?

Yes, with Phil Ranallo.

Oh, it's the beginning of "Wax From The Tribe" God,

I'm so embarrassed. I should have known that one [The beat kicks in]. OK. If I would have heard this.

Were you aware of them while growing up?

I'm sure that I heard it on just radio when I was a kid, but I really didn't come to know their stuff until I was an adult. I didn't get acquainted for real with their stuff until the Soul Jazz compilation. I gotta give a lot of credit to those guys over there because they brought a lot of shit to light that a lot of people wouldn't know about. When we went doing The Detroit Experiment, I called out "Saxen Oxygene" and was like, "We gotta do this, we've got Marcus here, we've gotta do this track." It was one of the best tracks I've been involved with. I'd been bugging Marcus about doing a Tribe thing for a long time. I had asked him to come out with me to do a Persi live session we were doing at the Poragosa Centre. He said he couldn't do it because he had to play. He said, "I'm sure Wendell [Harrison] will sit. I'm not the biggest fan of the saxophone, or I wasn't a sit. I met Wendell. I always the night that it was there, that kind of his, he was a great thing. People have things about the saxophone talking to them, like, 'There the saxophone and I feel like someone is whispering any ear.' People get Johnny when they hear the one. It's like, 'Oh, God.' Get that shit out of here! So I met Wendell and he's really incredible - he's great and we do these little records. Sounds good. He takes out his clarinet, he brings his flute. Wow, this is great. We do the set and it was amazing. It was unbelievable. And I said, 'Wendell, you know, I've been on Marcus for a little while because I want to do a Tribe project. And he's like, 'Oh, yeah?' Let's do it.' I didn't realize that Marcus and Wendell [both] started the label. I had known Marcus for four years up to that time, and all these four years of me talking to Marcus, you know, within a couple of days, I had it. This project on the way.

How do you work with live instrumentalists? Are

Derick/Deer? Arrange?

I sit back and listen to what they do, and I make suggestions, and sometimes I go and kind of conduct a little bit. There's some tracks that I conduct the drummer in the room, in comparison to when I have it all on tape. They put their hands in the 70s, so the composition can still have that flavor. Let's see how we can upgrade it a little bit. On some places, like "Wax From The Tribe", we did a new version, and it was great. We did a version of "New Day" and it was like, "Oh, yeah, this is the shit. It just fits right into the pocket. It's timeless. And as some other place, it needs a little more time to be able to bring it into a position that I think that someone who's new to listening to jazz music will say, 'OK, what the fuck is this?'

Electrifying Mojo

"Morphscape Landing"

SOUND EFFECT FROM SET 5 VHS

(01:17:02) 7:50:22 (01:17:02) 7:50:22

[Crisp Shrapnel]
It's influential Detroit radio junk Electrifying Mojo's mother/father leading

Oh, really. Well, he was asking most of the time Mojo used to be my buddy. He was the guy reading the story to me when I was a kid, because I used to have a radio on next to my bed. I had to hear the beginning of Mojo, which was probably a few days for someone that's eight years old, two years old. But I was like, 'I gotta hear Mojo.' He was playing the John Williams theme from Star Wars as intro, then he'd go into music playing "Methusalem Cemetery" or "Doin' New Line We Do", that Peter Prince track was a big record for us in Detroit. When I first heard Kraftwerk was Mojo's show, "Pocket Calculator" was the first time, and I was like [whispering], 'What the fuck is this?' That was 81, so I would have to have been 12. Almost anything that became a real influence on me. I either heard it first from Mojo. With Kraftwerk was "Oh Gao Gao" by George Knezo, with Falco, all that European shit. "Pleas Rock", all that electronic shit.

Cabaret Voltaire "Crackdown"

FROM *LIVE AT THE AMERICAN REVUE* (1990) 2:00

Cabaret Voltaire, "The Crackdown," night/ish Cabaret Voltaire was incredible. Actually "Semiotic" was the one that I really liked. That was a hot record in Detroit when I was about 17 or 18 years old. Then there was the soundtrack that they did called Johnny Nemo. That was a great one too. I had found out about Cabaret Voltaire when I was living in Detroit with "Semiotic", and then that one really stood about that they had "You know, 'Within our Black House', or as the title like that. It was like, 'What the fuck is this shit?' This isn't like 'Semiotic' or they were bad, they were bad as fuck.

I had a similar reaction when I first saw Cabaret Voltaire on a music video show called Night Night? that my parents didn't know I was watching. We didn't have Night Night, we had MTV, which of course was MTV, but the free version it came on, like, channel 56 those kind of stations. They would show European videos, but it was like four o'clock in the afternoon. At the time, the staff that I was into were, Semiotic Heads, a lot of Slimy Puppy, Revolving Coils - I used to love The Revolving Coils.

Was the industrial shit a splinter from Chicago?

Yeah, definitely. Wax Trax was the top of all that stuff. They had the vision to know that Belgian shit like an A&P and Fred 242. When I started making tracks with Derick, I wanted to make tracks for Wax Trax. I actually went down to Chicago and took a damn down there and stuff. I thought we realized that they weren't into like a drum, by real walking in they could have not stepped. We're in my head. Everybody's got problems in their head and shit, and wearing fucking high-top shoes. Industrial places like walking in there like, Oh shit, this is cool, man. This is great.

And someone at Wax Trax is kicking themselves right now for turning you down.

Oh who cares. They do their thing, I do my thing.



Robert Hood

"Bide Effect"

FROM *ABSTRACT 2* (BITE! MIX) 2007

Rob Hood?

Yeah.

I knew it was somebody from the UK camp. Jeff [Miles] and Rob and Mike [Banks] were doing a lot of that kind of sound. But then so many phones call him that it's hard to really tell someone.

Detroit involved minimal techno, a lot more [there's] almost a split between Detroit sensibilities and the European strain. What is minimal techno in 2008?

Honestly if you want to look at what Rob Hood is doing minimally, which is really fantastic—but something like [Phuture's] "Acid Trax" was minimal. At the same time, you know, [but then you can go back even further, I'm sure, and find something else. I think that minimal as we know now is probably Basic Channel, directly derivative of them. Which was of course influenced by Detroit. But for how I hear minimal records, everybody that's doing these cookie-cutter records, they sound like Basic Channel records. Do you think Minus sounds like Basic Channel? I think anything that's got that "boom-shake-boom-shake" with some filtery things can be definitely a derivative of that, even if it's just a wobble [wobbles] like Minus does. That Marc Moule track...

"Why are the vocals pitched down so low?" You've heard that track, right?

No. It just says that throughout the whole song?

Holy smokes. Was it a big record?

Yeah, for a minute.

Holy smokes! No, I haven't heard that one. Wow. But you know, even when I heard that started doing their thing it was a mix of what they did at Basement and what Jeff was doing with the overpopulated beatlines. But they just really changed the game. With Rob and what he does, he's got this movement that happens in his music that is quite phenomenal. A track that I like is "And Then We Made Our Escape." I think it's about a month old. It has this kind of thing that moves, you know. When he has this hi-hat come in and then he has this ride. It really pulls everything out, really opens everything up.

A Number Of Names

"Shoreview"

FROM *SHOREVIEW/SHOREVIEW* 2008

[After one handshake] "Shoreview?"

That was fast. Did you go to the Chertwell parties in Detroit in the 80s?

No, I was too young. I grew up right down the street from Paul Leslie, whose voice is on there, and Sterling, who was a part of the group as well. One thing that's really special about that song, to me, which I think is really important in making a record, is that you can hear the handshake and say, "That's looking 'Shoreview.'" That's what makes that track really special to me, is that it's got that characteristic that makes it "Shoreview." It's not just the music being played, but the sound that the record is. They didn't have that sound as anything else that they did afterwards, which is very little

By the time you started clubbing, had that OG style thing not itself exist?

Yeah, the groge and all that had run itself out but from what I understood, what was going on, "Shoreview" was influenced by Giorgio Moroder, you know, "The Chase" and "I Feel Love" better disco was really strong in Chicago and Detroit. They called it "progressive" at the time, right? We called it "progressive," yeah. So Alexander Robotnick and Kees a Mike, all that kind of stuff. It was huge in Detroit. I got a taste of it from radio mix shows and from listening to Jeff play. But even around that time, Jeff was still playing a little bit more, like, early rap stuff. But yeah, he was playing "Explosion," which is a huge Detroit and Chicago record—load-as-188 drums, crazy shit.

Peter Impresario

"Sakudai"

FROM *SHOREVIEW/SHOREVIEW* 2008

What is this, Peter's [Miles] or [Laden] [Laden]?

No. Somebody from Florence, Peter Impresario.

Yeah. I've heard about Romans doing that style.

I'm curious about to what extent local scenes are still important or even possible.

Local scenes are very important. It comes from a local scene. Local scenes are only possible based on the clubs or the parties that people can throw. I think it's great that, like in Iceland, they throw wonderful parties. It's amazing. We need to pioneer these new places, but we definitely need that kind of thing to happen at various cities in the US, because it's just

a bitch that everybody else in the world gets it and we're so far stuck up our own asses.

Why is that America still struggles to accept dance music, even in a city like New York?

We go by standards that are based on a country that's as large as Europe, and by people who don't know any better. Our standards are based on religion, and I think the standards over here have other origins. And our history is so young and we don't know any fucking better, and we let people living in the backwoods of the United States that are Bible bashers tell us what is right and what's not right. I think America should be divided into autonomous regions. It splits that way. It's determined by state laws in New York. It sucks that... all of it. You know, I'm not being ungrateful, and I'm not saying anything that should lead up to misunderstanding my intentions. But I think that it just doesn't really give our culture an opportunity to grow. I would love to see Detroit be a part of the whole shit. I would love for Detroit to be a new city, you know. New Detroit. Like in Rio de Janeiro to be like a new city with a new attitude, with new ideas, that can be the starting point and the go-to point for everything creative in the United States. But that shit isn't happening. So we just gotta spread the word however we can, and if it's a club for 100 people, that's great, we spread the word to 100 people. If it's a club for 1000 people, even better. □ To meet Philip Sherbondy's unedited transcript of the Carl Craig interview, go to www.thewire.co.uk

No

The purposeful wanderings of New Zealander Dean Roberts have brought him in contact with key collaborators such as Werner Dafeldecker, Martin Brandlmayr and Matt Valentine. With his Autistic Daughters group, he articulates the effect of urban landscape on personality via a complex mythopoetic 'blues warp'. By Jon Dale. Photography by Derek Henderson

The *Hotel Easter Dining Room* initially appears to be a fairly unimpressive venue hidden out the back of the Easter Hotel, one of Adelaide's better known watering holes. Over a number of decades, it's been the drinking sort of choice for a good portion of the South Australian city's artistic population. The pub's clientele takes in seasoned drinkers, university students and the after-work crowd – the usual mix for a pub whose main charm is its seeming lack of interest in the gentrification project undertaken by the surrounding city.

Why New Zealand artist Dean Roberts would choose the venue as the name for the final song on *Unweary Flowers*, the latest album by the Autistic Daughters (he shows with Australian musicians Werner Dafeldecker on guitar and double bass) and Martin Brandlmayr (on percussion and computer), is an entirely more surprising matter, at least at first. "I thought it sounded so great," he laughs. "'The Hotel Easter Dining Room' conjures images of dining. Then, actually, after dining there" – Roberts played several gigs at the venue during 2008 and 2009, one of which appeared in *The World* 40 Global Performers feature issue 2009 – "I thought it's a cool acronym for a song!"

If you're into the pub, and know it as your local, you might find his acronym fairly odd. But this actually less into one of Roberts' own libretti. Over the past decade, starting with 1999's *And The Black Matrix Play The Grand Cinema*, through 2003's *Dr. Mike Timpit*, and the two Autistic Daughters albums *Unweary And Demand* (2006) and *Unweary Flowers*, he's developed a conceptual songwriting approach where mythical characters meet the everyday, and transfiguration and disappearance play out in personal and public zones that are haunted, in both across the word – and the gloriously and the trouble: Pioneering Model as Centuries claim the "haunted places are the only ones people can live in"; the figures appearing these songs wander freely between times and are trapped by circumstance as friendly, engaging in argument and interaction. And the Easter Hotel, ultimately, is exactly that kind of space.

For the most part, however, *Unweary Flowers* develops the tale of Release. The opening "Release Theme" sets the scene for this multifaceted propaganda, working more as an archetype – or a reference to differing archetypes – than any one identity. Furthermore, while there is a certain reference to Release in "On Over Your Milk", this character also exists as part of a cast of players channelled by Roberts in order to vocalise the different sides of the album's metaphorical tale.

Roberts' music has moved through the free noise of his original tri-o to Thrill, with Ray Padden and Dion

Workman, through the intricate guitar studies of his *Wired Wings* (both releases), and on into his current mode, where structurally complex songs are played at a kind of meta-risk, embracing the misanthropic central figures like *Take This* and *Compulsive like Ray might*. There is a sort of 'nostalgia' to this music that recalls such dark night of the soul collections as Big Star's *Third/Sister Lovers*. In our interview Roberts noticeably realises the importance of the Autistic Daughters to the development of this particular aesthetic. Between them, the trio create a fluid, weightless atmosphere that's all the more remarkable for the weightiness of its concerns. Their playing is exceptionally tender, with Dafeldecker's sweeping lines supporting Roberts's vital, whirl in turn perspectives and accents lyric through a kind of elemental 'blues warp'. In another's perspective, much like his playing in *Black and Thrust*, moves between bedrock and postmodern, and he charges the songs with terms, fervent energy.

Autistic Daughters formed during Roberts' sojourn in Vienna, where he started collaborating with Dafeldecker (they have released a duo album, 2006's *Aluminate*, an EP *Winter*). Following *Dr. Mike Timpit*, Roberts travelled to Hamburg to play a gig with Dafeldecker, where they discussed a project that would see Roberts's songs as frames for a series of songs of pop and rock. Brandlmayr was asked to join soon after. As Roberts explains, they "wanted to incorporate this kind of detailed acoustic environment [of Brandlmayr's playing]. Through the collective input was very open, it was to centre around thematic songs... Playing around with the architecture of songs, I guess."

Although it connects with some of Roberts' previous records, the first *Autistic Daughters* album, *Unweary And Demand*, still feels like a massive leap forward. There's a beautiful focus to its songs, song is, and Dafeldecker is confident in particularly stanning, bringing slow moving lines and perspective points through tracks like "In Your Absence From The Street". Text and music was a musically designed project, whose thoroughness was reflected in its title, a tip of the hat to French nouveau roman writer Alain Robbe-Grillet novel *Jessup*. "It's a very strange way," Roberts says, "beauty, it was about the Roberts as personal detail observations in that book."

The record also sounds like the end result of a completely collective process. Roberts comments, "Brandlmayr and Dafeldecker both took on vital roles of arranging, and editing and abstracting to the equation. They would do details that would respond to what had been added by [producer] Valerio Riccoli and me. Martin would add some layers. Werner would mix, responding to the changes and architecture in a very creative manner... With both

of our records, writing, composition, production and improvisation all occur simultaneously, as part of a record making process."

On the road, the trio became less interested in making new *Unweary And Demand* as new records, their improvisations becoming the basis for some of *Unweary Flowers*. The intense period of recording this album had the group unfolding their habitual instrumental language as never before. "We reached this really – at least for me – quite unusual point where all of the instrumental rules were sort of peeled, so there weren't any rules about rules," recalls Roberts. "For example, the really loud, savage guitar solos in "Gin Over Your Milk" were Martin. There are guitar parts and chord patterns that Werner played that became signature songs, and from there are visionary parts that I played. This was a kind of various unfolding of our different skills."

Unweary Flowers balances the lushness of its material with an interpretive freedom placed in service of the album's overarching tale. Its only real parallel of recent times is *Iron Horse* by Scott Walker. The *Dr. Mike* songs are both stylistically different and internally cohesive, such that, despite the complex musical and lyrical references and relationships drawn through the records, Roberts can still refer to its key theme as "discovery, a kind of old blues poem song, that was kind of what the recording actually was."

For a good while, Roberts himself lived on Vienna almost nomadic lifestyle, dosing down on the couches of friends in New York during the late 1990s, subsequently flitting across the European continent, through extended periods in Bologna and Vienna, before re-settling in Auckland earlier this decade. This transcontinental movement profoundly shaped his music. Looking back at his "long" career, glowing the transatlantic while his body of work from instruments to lyrical settings, you can observe him increasingly addressing urban topography and its impact both on individuals and groups of characters.

This began with *And The Black Matrix Play The Grand Cinema*, originally released on Mike Padden's offshoot Release (it was released by Staubgold in 2005). Recorded in New York with Tim Barnes, Matt Valentine and Charles Curtis, it drew on the omnipresent soundworld of its predecessor, the mid-1990s grish module of 1999's *At-Corrupted Matrix*, with its subverting that album's interest in neo-narrative development. Around the time, he was inducted into the shifting line up of free folk act Lower Roadcamp, appeared both on their electric folk *Stone*, and lower limbo *Black*. Valentine's *Specimens* on album featuring some of Roberts' most unhinged guitar playing.

Greg Roberts at ART's studio, Brooklyn, New Orleans, April 2006



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"Using fables is a way of distancing myself from the 'I'. In the writing process I need to create these personae to inhabit the song and then embellish them with details from personal or imagined experiences"

The Black Molar's "The Grandest Of Streets" provides the entry point to 2020's *Be Mine Tonight* whose central song was the two-part "All Politics Sent To War, Palace Of Adversity V And VI/Disappearance On The Grandest Of Streets" recorded in Belgium, it actually reflects some time in New York, tracing a personal cartography of the city's public thoroughfares, where characters experience perpetual risk and fate. Roberts describes it as "a personal private record about a person trying to disappear and a person trying to be displaced. It's about how a cosmopolitan environment can become such a big part of one's embodied life at all."

On records like *Be Mine Tonight*, reappearing characters like EE and Adversity float through his songs as either inspirations or companions, acting out or acted upon. They serve as the fabric of the pieces, their presence having everything together, operating as a framework that is then displaced or order registered in other settings. "I guess I was also interested in folk music of the British Isles," he says, "rebranding on myth characters like Tom Lin, probably one of the most famous examples: the morphing, transfiguring person that exists in the song." Our conversation circles around the importance of myth in British folk music and the recurrence of transfiguration, anthropomorphism and mainly as a paradigmatic one of the central threads of folk lyrics and fables.

Roberts also draws from folk's demand for "service to the narrative, where performers enslave themselves from the performance in order to privilege the fundamental outcome of the song and the historical sediment layered deep within each track's DNA. With Roberts, this history can be foggy, sometimes only appearing deeply personal, abstracted from the self and mythically resonant on a broader scale. In *Unlucky Flowers*, this multiplicity of voices manifests via both content and delivery. "The fable is explored from different angles" he agrees, "through different personae, which could be a convergence of points of view from similar events, or different judgments and their relationships."

Unlucky Flowers was recorded with "phantom member" Valeria Troisi in Vienna in 2020. Roberts describes as he recalls the process in particular his vocal performances. "When I am directing myself on a vocal take," he explains, "or registering, over-singing or outgassing a performance when we are recording, I refer to each vocal part as the 'or', 'and', or 'Richard', or 'Inkblot' or 'diamond' What happens is, in the writing process, although I'm the only vocalist, there are characters that are very intentionally different personalities, and dialogues and actually arguments happen between them. I guess using fables is a way of distancing myself from the 'I', it is the writing process I need to create those personae to inhabit the song and then embellish them with experience in the form of details from personal or

imagined experiences. So that's sort of where the Polaris (first) thing comes into it, the emphasis observation of detail as a way of expressing and setting a cartography. But it's also like a Mike Leigh thing, of finding absolutely heartbreaking symbolism in the most mundane things."

The album title alludes to the complex heterosexuality that finds into Roberts' recent recordings. *Unlucky Flowers* is titled from "this guest, euphoric, all-male album by Jay Clarkson and Kneading Cakes that was being thrashed in the house around 2020," he recalls. "It has this when 'Unlucky Flower' is the song 'Cherry Wings', which I loved, and had an epiphany over. I adopted it as a node with the idea of transforming that question, in the way that PJ Harvey took that Southsat: 'don't you wish you never met her' thing [on 'Red Of Me'], and transformed it into something that was beyond questions."

These songs are thus created by a series of questions from other artists, transformed to integrate with Roberts' music. Some come from one of New Zealand music's key headlines, the Flying Man label's side of performers. Clarkson recorded for the label in the 1980s, and both *Jealousy And Gloom* and *Unlucky Flowers* feature questions from label artists: The Velvines' "Liquid And Starch" fleetingly refers to their 1985 single "Cosmology," and "Speed Is On The Enemy (While I Was Running)" cites "Kiss Running" from their 1988 album *Herbicide*. At The Grey Hound, "After A New Meeting When You Come Back/How did it feel when you leave."

"It is actually this kind of transfiguration or dialogue that is the part of pop and rock music that I find extremely resonating," Roberts muses. "It's strange how the more you listen to stuff, the more it reveals. I do know a thing for really interesting lyrics – those that are referenced less explicitly on the record as a related accordingly."

But one of the key songs on *Unlucky Flowers* addresses entirely different concerns. With "Liquid And Starch," Roberts connects briefly with a three-part chorus as the phrase "oh baby yeah" – the performance responds to both the content of the song and the ability of classic pop signifiers, or clichés, to retain some kind of elemental power, resonating personally and culturally. This feels like a further development of the ongoing process at the heart of his work, where he uses pop forms while maintaining relationships with other genres of music. In this way, his trajectory is far from a simplistic move from experimentalism to pop and rock. Heavily reflects the two use cultural complexity.

Returning as early as with Darkfield, soon after they started *Autistic Daughters*, Roberts says that their collaborative process "unlocked to me certain freedoms, and certain liberties and aspects of mutuality, and interactive dialogues that had never occurred in my musical life. In this instance,

there was a certain precision and consideration that was much more like spontaneous composition, and also a music that wasn't afraid to carry a once-a-decade of history into its vocabulary."

Asked about the development between *Be Mine Tonight* and *Jealousy And Gloom*, Roberts reveals that the latter's title was "about a delusion, internal, shifting between characters, in an explicit, semi-explicit way." Much the same could be said of instrumental relationships, which also refer back to previous moments, or overly recordings from different timbres, sometimes, as in "Unlucky Flower" itself, to negatively dissonant effect.

Roberts explains these ideas further while discussing two other songs on *Unlucky Flowers*, "Gin Over Soar Mill" and "Red In The Customer." In the second section of the album, someone "threw a punch through the window," and then, in a follow-up, a fight that isn't a fight. In these at least two songs involved the same subject. Martin is using a similar technique, personification, so it is a way he has chosen to quote a previous picture too. So these become supporting musical language."

Some have argued that Roberts' recent songs have led to something resembling operatic forms or musical theatre. "That is an interesting observation and it is entirely true," he responds. "The methods that we use in our compositions tend to lend themselves to operatic settings and interpretations. I think that a very small musical passage can be as staged any work. As a listener it's usually one line as usual that really gets me in a song, the operatic that led to and create a phrase. That's not to say there isn't repetition; it's more something about starting and then moving on. The songs and up containing quite a lot of information, so while there is a lot of spread in the music, I guess it tends to lead to operatic structures."

Autistic Daughters isn't Roberts' only current commitment – he also works on music for films, collaborates with the enigmatic New Zealand artist AI, and is busy releasing limited CD releases as his Farmaceutic Disk Impulse, including his solo collections *Old Memory* and *Beginning At The End*. But with *Unlucky Flowers* standing as both his and *Autistic Daughters'* most coherent statement, you sense it's the future which allows him the most freedom to develop his songs, to processes of constant honing and reduction. "But that music, in particular way, has such an extremely familiar and developed language," Roberts concludes. "Song is really hard to give it, people's heads among, connect modes, forms, lyrics and melodies. There's, it's only the necessity of the statement – on pop, attention can occur as suggestion. That's led to where our interest lies." At *Autistic Daughters'* *Unlucky Flowers* is out now on Stridguld (Europe) and Kneek (USA). There's *My Rose Crown* (The New Deal). Roberts's music, go to www.rosecrown.co.uk

Artist and improviser **Max Eastley**'s kinetic sound sculptures and Aeolian harp constructions are born out of a deep concern for aurally mapping environments and atmospheres. Clive Bell traces his journey from folk rambler to climate change chronicler. Photography by Ivan Jones

Movers and shakers

In Folkstone, on the coast of Kent, I'm standing in a gallery and staring at a chaos fan. A row of nine slender figures, over three metres high, in feet sculptured of thin wire, each with just a suspended vertical fan with two legs touching a larger sheet of cartridge paper. "Max Eastley: Kinetic Drawings" says the sign at the Metropole Gallery entrance, but eastlings moving. Then there's a sudden motor hum from overhead, and the chaos fan starts to dance, a hesitant but elegant ballet performance. It's two legs pivoting across the paper, drawing invisible patterns, and refining the quietest of noises, a nervous scratch like ribs writing on parchment.

Later on I listen to "Heart Stop", a track from *The Time Of The Ancient Astronaut* by Max Eastley and Spaceheads (Judy Douglas and Richard Newman). This, conversely, is eight minutes of furious noise. The opening sprays out a few hairless ticks of jazz trumpet – hence the title, I guess – before plunging headfirst into a glorious jargon of sound. "Max Eastley plays the Axi, an electro-acoustic instrument" say the notes. Whatever it is, it's generating an extended racket that bucks and dives like a radio stricken while Douglas disembowels the filariness of jazz trumpet and Newman's drum kit lashes the music across the no man's land between free jazz and modern rock. And it's awfully loud.

Real-time audio sculptures and aerobically performing, the man at the centre of these two extremes is Max Eastley, an unusual artist whose quiet effusivity and twinkling eye indicate he enjoys what he does. Meeting him at his North London home, I'm struck by how comfortable he feels in both worlds, how finely he has painted his foot in the two camps of visual art and music. Eastley considers this. "Earlier I would go from one foot to the other. I don't think you have to be so good on both but fairly recently, my former schoolfriend moved in. He would buy an accordion with 66 bass buttons, then get another one with 136, and he ended up with a 466 bass. When he played it everybody used to leave the house. Because one of those buttons has a dial in it [for middle C], and he could never find it, so this was an introduction to

free improvisation. I was fascinated by sound things in the house like wind-up gramophones."

Eastley's visual bent was also apparent very early. "My first day at school I was given colour pencils and I drew a picture. The teacher said, 'What's that?' I said, 'There are two cowboys, this is a volcano, this is a palm tree, and The Cowboys Cannot See The Lion.' That was the title. And they had bricks with painted pictures on, I used to have peeling them together and trying to work out what the story was. The teacher would come along and say, 'No, no, that's wrong, this is the story.' But I wasn't interested in that, I was doing these very odd juxtapositions. So I was a very early surrealist at about seven."

Sculpture was something the young Eastley used to practise in the cinema. "Before I first went to the cinema I didn't exactly watch the film, but I did watch the blankets – all those flickering black things. Something might stick in one corner, like a hair, and this interested me more than the narrative. If I liked anything, I would make a copy of it. I used to take a kind of Plastiline to the cinema, if it was a oblique film I would make a Plastiline gun. There was a jungle film on, with a python in it, so I made a snake. I was rolling it on the back of the seats and people were complaining, and then I dropped it in the dirt. I was amazed because I got it back and it was all covered in cigarette ash. Plastiline is very tactile. I still believe that my hands think – that applies to music as well as making things. They definitely think. I was always doing forgeries of piano notes with a mapping pen, but I would only get a quarter of the way through."

At 18, Eastley fled from his secondary modern school – "extremely strange, an awful place" – and enrolled in the local art school in Tisbury. Devon. Here he plunged into a five-day week of his drawing and copying the old masters – "a stupor of visual training." Eastley oil studies. "It was almost like the army, they'd boss you up and say, 'You thought you were a good drawer, everybody thought you were the best in the school, but now you forget all that because you're all rubbish!' I began to understand how habitual you are. You're drawing and they'd say, 'Why do you always start in the top right hand





"If you take the Arc down to slack you can get very low basses. You can really shake up big PA systems. I've been told off several times"

corner? Why do you always hold your pencil like that? Why don't you just sit and look at it for an hour before doing anything? People would say, 'The answer lies in the pencil.' And that was it. Or they'll say, 'Caratcut' and walk. You had to square it out."

In the mid-60s, a fresh interest in folk song swept England. Eastley took up guitar and learned by imitating local musicians. "There was a guy who was a big fan of Humble's Jack Elliott records, which he wouldn't let anybody else hear" he recalls. He joined West Country folk clubs alongside fellow Torquaymen John Finbourn, plus Martin Carthy and Donovan. Litch, who was rooming with Torquay and St. Ives in Cornwall. "Donovan had on his guitar, 'This Machine Kills', says Eastley, "which was based from Woody Guthrie's 'This Machine Kills Fascists'. But I think he didn't want to annoy anybody."

At this stage there was no overlap between music and art. In fact Eastley's art teachers were bemused. "You're such a plucked pencil; they said, 'How can you go out and perform like that?'" The biggest challenge was the bar at Pontine holiday camp, where Eastley held down a Sunday night residency in front of 800 vacationing drinkers. "But I was determined to do it. And I went to the ES afterwards" with a couple of folk singers from Torquay. Eastley was torn between two paths. His touring side drew him to all painting, and he felt a small alarm. But sleeping on other people's floors was stirring to pull and distraction erupt in a feeling he was not fully represented by this music. "Singing over guitar, you put on a coat, an identity," says Eastley. "80 per cent of it is your stylistic identity."

"There's why I don't put words on the wall with my artworks" he adds. "You go to it and you see exactly what it is, and that's it. I want it to speak absolutely directly, which is something I've got from music and improvisation. Improvisation is incredibly direct."

Anyway, Eastley made his mind up and sold his steel string guitar. Then the Radio Times interviewed Dr. Richard Eastley's peaking watercolor rendition of a Radio Times cover featuring Scottish TV hit Dr. Finlay's Coochbook. Which he took along to an interview at Cardiff School of Art. Carol Flavel his

studies and drawings, but Dr. Finlay realised there was "They said, 'You can't do that. That's ruined all your other stuff.' I really could paint, and I could think very abstractly. I knew the kind of form that wants to pull in alone things that don't fit."

So Eastley found himself at North Leedon's Hontary College of Art, right after the notorious May 1968 sit-in. He was directed to the Kinetic Art department, run by an American called Dante Leonelli. "It was called the HEAT department - Hontary Experiments in Art and Techno play - known as 'Dante's Inferno'. It was actually very hot in there." Determined to broaden his musical palette, he picked up the guitar again and taught himself to read music in the process he realised the score itself might be employed to trigger visual material.

"I had already made my first kinetic piece in Torquay, a projection system that moved colours and shadows on a screen. I took the score of Mendel's *Peacock* and used it as a graphic score. I also started to experiment with meliorating the materials of sculpture, and using the notorious qualities of metal and wood - and emphasising - all kinds of movement and sound. I was beginning to find all these connections between abstract art and music. The thing that was uniting them was movement. That kinetic was the third point of the triangle."

This was an important period of intensive research for Eastley, who started to fill notebooks with drawings and discoveries. The history of abstract film, Oskar Fischinger's 1947 Czech-driven animations, keyboards that played colours, Schoenberg's colour directions on the score of his 1911 musical drama *The Lucky Hand* - everything was opening up. He really researched the construction of instruments: this time in the company of David Trapp, Paul Burnwell and Hugh Davies. Around 25 sketchbooks were devoted to relative, staining tubes, South American Indian flutes and so on. Instrument categories were exhaustively examined. By stepping back instruments to their fundamental, functional principles, Eastley was aiming himself to build hydrophones, electric seismophones, Aesler bows (played by the wind), broken tubes and the rest of his colourful galaxy



Kids like Aeolian sculptures, born 1996

Still from Clocks of the Aeolian House, 1999



Eastley during the Ops Renewed project, Brooklyn, 2007

"I started to animate - or mechanize, materialize," he recalls. "If you pick up a box of matches, you can shake it or move it in different ways, but if you put a motor in it, it'll do something else entirely. It's an automatic animation. I went to the Museum of Automata in Utrecht, where they had a lot of these, a little plastic flat with a cogwheel, it's not intended to play by itself - you put it inside a box and it will work with it. I discovered Aeolian keeps. Now St. Dunstan nearly got built as a witch because his head played itself in the Apocalypse King David's head played in the north wind at night..."

Of course it's this period of study that underlies *Topos* and Eastley's *New Age Rediscovered Musical Instruments*, which was first a book, and in 1979 a split LP on Brian Iona's Obscure label (released by Virgin in 1997). On the LP cover Eastley wrote about the "formidable problems" faced by visual artists using sound, or composers limited by sculpture. "The work I am involved in is an attempt to resolve these problems. It is a synthesis of the simultaneous study of Kinetic Art, Music and Musical Instruments. These are my sources. What proceeds is neither one nor the other. My aim is perfect synthesis and emancipation of these elements into a new form."

"Complicated, isn't it?" offers Eastley several times during our interview. OK, but it's getting clearer. You can mechanize your instruments, you can arrange for them to be played by wind or water or you can play them yourself. Enter the Arts Eastley's invention first saw life as a trio of Aeolian bow sculptures outside the Scottish National Gallery of Modern Art. As a performing instrument, it's a fixed musical bow, looking suspiciously like a hair-raiser placed on the player's shoulder and the floor. Eastley chuckles as he quotes the late Hugh Davies on naming a formal category judgment on the Art: "How instrument is not related to the Tromba Marina (a bronze Renaissance mechanical allegedly used for signalling between ships), because it is fixed rather than fixed." There's a single string, amplified by a pickup and you can pluck it, bow it, put a slide on it or crutch it through a battery of effects. This astonishingly idiosyncratic instrument is what Eastley usually gives in concert, like a slippery character with a vast pitch range, so it can go to any instrument as matter how high or low. Eastley: "If you take it time to stick you can get very low basses. You can really shake up big PA systems. I've been told off several times. It's very modest. I like to be able to spend all afternoon with, say, a match and

the colour blue. That's one of the problems I have, I can find endless versions of things to do."

Wind and water driven instruments, as the other hand, are beautifully represented in *Clocks of the Midnight House*, a 1996 film about Eastley's work devoted for Quatered 4 by Simon Pegg and available from the Arts Council. As Reynolds's camera goes down a mountain stream, dozens of Eastley's Aeolian bows perch on rocks like triangular toads. Each one has a single string dioning in the wind, and together they build a thick chord - like an Andy Goldsworthy landscape artwork with built-in soundtrack. On a beach, like-shaped structures of wood and extruded tubes are frantically fluttering in the gale, calling to each other like a colony of gulls. And further along the beach are the Aeolian flutes pipes sticking out of the sand, slits in their sides and decorated with flapping coloured streamers, all bobbing away like a nightmarish under-ice organ.

In fact, Eastley has a beach story about the origins of music: the god Hermes finds a dead tortoise on the shore, and the slivers across the shell have been tightened by the sun, so it's humming. "He took it home, and Apollo came to see a day. Apollo says, 'What's that?' Hermes says: 'Oh, you can have it. So



"Peter Casack and I put some of *Day For Night* together during the Falklands War. At the end you hear running feet and in the background the fireworks sound like gunfire. Not an Ambient piece at all!"

Apollo takes the tortoise shell home, puts a neck on it and makes the first law. So, do human beings learn music by observing outside, like blinking, or does it come from inside?"

These days Eastley moves with ease as a performer through a variety of contexts, so it's odd to be told that in the late 1970s, when his friends were highly active in the newborn London Musicians Collective, he didn't improvise. "On the guitar I was playing classical music. But I don't think I understood what was going on with improvising. I didn't have the box of tools to analyze it, but the things I was doing interested the improvisers."

Duration was a key factor in this. A kinetic sculpture could play for a very long time, so Eastley would fix electromagnetic to a ceiling, when he turned off the current, they fell to the floor. One brief musical event, blink and it's gone. Even Pickett visited the Serpentine Gallery, where Eastley had five upright wall sculptures, strings broken by magnets at adjustable speeds. Pickett wanted to play steeped with the strings, figuring that when he started to hyperventilate from exhaustion, he might make some interesting mistakes. He also suggested that the sculptor "fiddle about" with the settings on the mixer, and let Eastley found himself improvising. "It thought, like to speak, you can perform with this instrument."

Another key moment was the crazy experience of watching Paul Burwell swing Chinese cymbals around his head at the old LMC space in Camden Town, crashing them into floor and walls. "It wouldn't do that. Without a safety net and a suit of armor!" commented outside interloper Sarah Brevinford. From that moment was born *Whirlid Music*.

Eventually, Burwell, Toop and Eastley notoriously twirling dangerous nosebleeds like a quarry's telephones. Ballroomers, rebuses and quarry permission all entered into a working collection of 200 instruments, Toop and Eastley's research taking concrete form, and a new again Eastley found himself performing. *Whirlid Music* is also included in Royce's film, where the theatricality of the show is greatly enhanced by the basket head-protectors built out for eyes, ears and mouth. These ghostly

maska, inspired by the Japanese headgear sported by shikubachi players, were created by Eastley's partner, theatre designer Pamela Mares.

The early 80s were a heady and prodigious time. Eastley was recruited to The Frobeniusers, an end of the LMC peer' band, in which he and Toop constituted the African one-string fiddle section. "We sounded like ash!" says Eastley. When they played Brighton Beach, their most singerwriter Andrew Brenner, aka Gbade, and this led to everyone playing Gbade's post-punk party songs in The 40 Americans (We Know No Name, 1984, reissued 2002). That's Eastley playing bewitching penny whistles on "It's Time" lyrics: "It's time to look for a happy music about I have to be dumb". Ten years after all this swift fun and games appeared *David Byrne*, a duo release with Toop that stands in the premier league of mid-80s Dark Ambient and Isolationism. Eastley elucidates: "We actually drew a map, to help us create the dramatic illusion of places. We had Tennessee prisons, cedar, wind flutes, creating somewhere neither inside nor outside. The flutes move along a bench, then suddenly veer off into a glowing, phosphorescent graveyard. After working for three weeks we were stuck. Then we traveled Japan, making performances and installations. Japanese art is a strong influence, the idea of slowing things to happen. Like with flower arrangement, where you make an subtle adjustment. Japan focused everything, we came back and finished the record off in two days. It's not that I understood Japan, but it made me feel how Western I was."

David Byrne's too is, *State Runner* (in approach excited considerable interest, but 2001's *Day For Night*, a collaboration with Peter Casack, also draws attention – for my money it's Eastley's first record. If *David Byrne* is dark and intense, *Day For Night* is about going inside. There's a breathy adventurousness in the air, as the sounds of distant deer barking in night-time forests, bonfires and firework displays combine with sculptures and instruments. "That took about 20 years to put together," recalls Eastley. "For the track 'Peep Show' we used the sound of a mechanism like a chatter. It



opened and you would look through a tiny hole and see a whole scene, which you could then walk into. I think that resonates is really good and it has a strong narrative. We put some of it together during the Falklands War. There's a scene at the end where you hear the feet, the time they're running, and in the background the firework display sounds like gunfire. Not an Arsenal, poem or all."

More recently there's been a second release with Topot (2004's *Dall Crescent*) and a live Spanish edit album (2007's *A Very Long Way From Anywhere Else*), both on the Manchester-based Bip-Hop label. Last year also saw a return to English folk-song, with Martyr's *Ruler's Songs Of Transformation: "The Cherry Tree Carol", "Rattlerman Tows"* and the rest get to stretch their legs anew, as the *Epistle* in Gwynedg drops traditional material across Eastley's soundscapes. Yet another 2007 project was a compilation of poems involving the Arc, by Audio Research folkies. But much of Eastley's time in the last five years has been occupied with the Cape Farewell project: three voyages to the Arctic aboard ship with the likes of sculptor Anthony Gormley, writer Ian McEwan and dancer Sophie Davies. Inspired by these experiences and the whole issue of climate change, Eastley has made new work

for London's Natural History Museum, Oxford's Bodleian Library, Cornwall's Eden Project and the Chicago Millennium Park. To solve technical problems he has been working closely with sound engineer Dave Hunt, particularly on a piece recorded for The Wires AtlanticWave 2006 sampler CD (with issue 276). The track title gives the plot away: "Two 150 Kilo Bytes Of Marking In-Walk Layers Of Sites As Embedded Pulling Data: A Metal Pulse For Climate Change Project Cape Farewell". Eastley and Hunt have also produced the excellent CD *Arctic*, where Eastley's recordings during voyages are layered with Arc and sculptural sound to beautiful effect (available from www.audiorsearch.co.uk). "The work is a summation," writes Gormley on the sleeve, "of my experience of the sublime: exhilaration, fear and an overwhelming sense of tragedy unfolding before me. I hope that the music communicates my emotion, passion and concern for the fragile natural world."

Back in Folkestone, meanwhile, eight of Eastley's Kinetic Drawings are performing a collective symphony in the former ballroom of the Edwardian Mermaid Hotel. It's a beautiful, resonant space, with white, whipped cream mouldings adorning

ceiling and walls, and beechlike trees spraying outside in sympathy with the artworks within. A sextet of tin air brass gangs suddenly riffs out, teased by curving wooden beads suspended from long wires. Above, a scroll of shiny metal sheet flaps from the ceiling, occasionally shuddering out a buzzy beat of white noise. "Someone asked, 'What's the water-fall?'," a curator tells me. But this would be one of the few exhibitions of public art where the curators are not driven apart by continuous exposure to the sound. After several weeks they still seem fond of the sculptors. Indeed, one (sculpture, not curator) reminds me insistently of a hapless child, an intermittently jiggling string of coloured beads knocking against a cluster of wooden blocks. "I think it's stuck again," says the curator. But after a minute or two the jiggling ceases. This time with the correct variety of notes. "Oh yes, it's OK, it's sorted itself out!" CD Mike Eastley's *Gwynedg Hollow* (New Park/Mark Wadsworth's *A Life Saved By A Spider And Two Doves*) is on *our* floor. *Arctic* is available from Cape Farewell. After Eastley's Arc is on Audio Research's *Edwards*. Eastley's Kinetic Drawings will be shown at South Hill Park, Brighthelm in September 2008. To view a photo gallery of Eastley's work, go to www.thearc.co.uk

Barking

The songs of Kan Mikami can explode into violence as suddenly as the Japanese gangster films he has appeared in. The surreal twists in his musical "heresies" might have alienated him from Japan's 1970s acid folk scene, but since the early 90s he has released a deluge of defiantly raw albums, as well as participating in genre-defying collaborations with Keiji Haino, Hijokaiden's Jojo Hiroshige, Motoharu Yoshizawa and others. By David Hickey. Photography by Shinya Aizawa

practice

It's cold outside, but on a Sunday night at western Tokyo's Zen Poney bar, the sweat drops off the spine-down plastic Gorbals afford to the singing and seeps into the distorted singing escape outside.

Center stage—at least he would be, if there was a stage—is Kan Mikami, semi-naked, purveyor of the one-man-band, a voice that could scorch steel, and a collaborator with King Yarnie, Masayoshi Umeki and the late Motokazu Yoshimizu. The enigmatic Mikami has started his acoustic act—without microphones at a live—made up of songs from his excellent new album *Jaw*, and already the temperature is rising. With his shaven head shining under the spotlight, his hairy hands and slight paunch, Mikami looks like a former boxer. Live, he acts the part too. Playing songs that inhabit an uneasy middle ground between rock's highly mannered performance style and the storytelling traditions of *ryūkyū* (traditional Japanese musical singing) and *chamorro*, he paces back and forth from his corner with his Spanish acoustic track to live like an extreme exorcism. No wonder Shinkun Sakamoto of Tokyo's psych-rockers Wara Yura Teikoku describes Mikami's body and guitar as being "perfectly at one." Mikami opens with the audience of 50+ made up of stunned regulars propping up the bar, yūkyō PSP adherents and gearheads, longtime Mikami watchers—at times cheering, at times like a raging bull, at others clapping his shoulders and clapping on space across the floor like a masked dancer from a rock drama. His frenetic flow is his purpose. The endings of every song are greeted with eruptions of laughter from the audience.

Hewing made his debut in the clubs of Tokyo three and a half decades ago, the cover of Mikami, aged 56, has come full circle. He became a folk star in his native country after his performance at the 1971 Nikkatsu Jwa Foli Jamboree—Japan's equivalent of Woodstock—but he effectively sabotaged his debut album of that year, *Mikami Kan No Setai* (The World Of Kan Mikami) by confronting violent, leftist topics in his lyrics that immediately put him at odds with his Dylan-esque contemporaries. Japan's folk boom. His lyrics on the song "Fukid Me No Shonen" ("Boy With A Gun"), in which Mikami sang about a Japanese teenage killer, led to the album being recalled. Today, he describes himself as the "heretic" of that scene. Shunned between various avant-garde labels for the rest of the 1970s, he fell into line

acting (he tended to get offered parts as mobsters in gangster films, and even appeared in Nagisa Oshima's *Merry Christmas, Mr. Cameron*) and waiting before releasing his last decade, the 1980s, only to re-emerge as a prolific recording artist in the early 1990s on the PGO label. After his foray into film fame in the early 70s, it took two long decades for Mikami to find his place.

"When I was 19 I had no idea what I wanted to do with my life, but the older I got the more I realized what I wanted to become," he says. "It was in the 80s I thought, 'OK, it's got to be music.' I realized that music was the best way I could express myself. Before then I couldn't find my way. In the 80s I discovered music was the one thing I could do well, having tried my hand at acting, writing. Physically, writers, actors and singers are different. Writers have to shut themselves off all day in order to write. Actors, on the other hand, have to give their time to people. You might have to wait around for six months. But for musicians, music comes to them. It doesn't need anyone else's approval. There's no right or wrong. In the 1970s and 80s I could have become a novelist or actor. At that time I wasn't clear in my own mind that music was for me. Now I know singing is the thing I can concentrate most effectively on. It suits me best. I've been playing this way for 15 to 16 years and it's satisfied."

As a result, *Jaw* is the first album where Mikami felt entirely comfortable in his own skin. "Only now do I feel that I inhabit the body of a live performer," he says. "Finally I feel like I've got it used to playing live. *Jaw* is the first album I've made since I've felt this way. Before this album, I was able to make up for what I lacked physically with the words of my songs. But words can only make up for so much."

It's a couple of weeks after that solo show and Mikami is sitting in a hotel lounge in Chiba, the seascapic city where he lives that's home to a Disney resort and is a short train ride away both from Tokyo to the west and the Pacific Ocean to the east. He's been in there for 15th album for PGO in 10 years over coffee and easy cigarettes. Like most of his previous albums for the Tokyo label, *Jaw* was recorded solo, with each song out in a single take. "I've used the same engineer and had the same staff around me for 20 years. Once we get going, we can finish it very quickly," he explains.

Jaw was shaped in part by Mikami's experience of playing overseas, something he only began to do in recent years, and the desire he feels to be understood by his audience—Japanese or not. Last year Mikami performed two sets at the Music Loves Field Companion festival in Getahrad, one paired with Jojo Hiroshige of Hijokaiden and a second with Shinkun, the trio has toured the past year ago with Shinkun, Yoshio, Iwata and other suchnessness. Improvised Japanese Lyrics.

"I've been playing abroad for the last five to six years, piling up my experience, sorting them out so that I can put them for my own music," says Mikami. "Among the Japanese musicians who've been popular abroad until now, I think they've satisfied a curiosity of what is 'Japanese' for foreign artists—they've lived up to this stereotype of what a oriental in the past you could become popular if you were typically Japanese. Before, when I played in front of foreign audiences, to play up my Japanese-ness because I thought that's what people wanted to hear, but that wasn't much fun. What's important to me is even if I'm singing in Japanese, the audience understands me. I made a gamble. I gambled that with my instrument I could be understood directly. So made so that even though I don't sing in English, I wonder if in Japanese enough to have an impact on a Japanese audience."

The desire to communicate across language barriers is perhaps explains why, on *Jaw*'s ten tracks, Mikami gives a free run to his *Chamorro* style—the only accompaniment to his vocals throughout. Unlike his predecessor Barking Practice/Wara Yura, just once (as the album's closer, "Koson") do the vocals double levels threaten to run into the end, allowing the listener to focus on Mikami's shaggy strumming, slurring short fingerpicking and rolling bass lines. "Guitar guitar," he sings on "Kaku," as if to emphasize the point.

His songwriting is painstaking. "It starts with a theme," he explains. "I might spend as long as a year thinking about this one theme. Then the words come. I think about what would be the correct way to sing about this subject in a way that can be unconsciously understood. Really, it feels like work. It's not a moment of inspiration but a completely technical thing. There are a lot of songwriters who, when they see scenery in a certain way, might get inspired to write a song, but I'm not one of them.



Sam Raimi at his home in Los Angeles, 2004



I'm more like a craftsman. In Japan, there aren't many in the arts that think of themselves like that." Given his tendency to tackle gritty, everyday subject matter and employ ironic, unconventional, even old-fashioned language, it is not surprising Mikami has not been widely embraced. "Outer space and human drama [the old hag in the public bath] brings himself off." Screen, and ring/dirt program, *Koban* and *Shin*, *Shin* die, *Shin* die" he sings on "Hibiki Denki Game" ("Ring, Ring, Ring") from his 1972 classic *Mitsuki Kame Nado Anu Je Nishu* (Drama Don't Come True Easily), an album on which he addressed two themes he shares with fellow Aomori natives, dramatist Shunji Teraoka: a rural upbringing and childhood rebellion.

A schoolteacher changed the course of his life when he was growing up in the tiny fishing village of Kotoshira, in Aomori Prefecture in northern Japan, by introducing him to the Beat generation. "This teacher straight out of university in his first posting came to my school," he remembers. "He got hold of some Ginsberg that had been translated into Japanese. In the 60s you had the Beat writers - Ginsberg, Kerouac - being translated into Japanese for the first time. This was maybe 1964-65. Their writing was obviously full of slang, and this was the first time I became influenced by American culture. When I read the Beats, I was like 'Wow, so you can get away with writing 'public hair' and 'balls' [in amit]. It was the first time I'd read those words. Even in Tokyo, nobody knew about the Beats back then. The population of my town was only about 4000. There was no bookshop. If you wanted a book, you had to write a letter to Tokyo. In the late 60s, jazz, folk, rock, Beat poetry arrived all at the same time. It was like a baptism for me" he says, puffing out a cigarette. "I wanted to go to high school because I wanted to learn how to write Beat poetry."

Later, Mikami found an influence closer to home in the work of Terayama. The poet, experimental filmmaker and theatre director, who looked upon his stage/dance happenings as a means to "generate and experience chaos", gained notoriety for once putting on a play in a public bath. But for Mikami, Terayama's importance lay in the fact that he introduced slang into the performing arts. After a heady diet of the Beats and Terayama, Mikami realised that nothing was off limits. "There was no

"I think music allows you to go on the offensive – you can ask questions about the state of the country. I want to remain angry because there are so many things wrong in the world"

along culture in Japan before Tenjima's broke [in the 1990s]." he asserts. "In his plays, he included words that we use in everyday conversation. Tenjima told me, 'I've never heard everyday words such as 'genki kokoro' [regimented mad] as a song before until I heard you. But that's OK. Carry on as you're doing.' He gave me a lot of confidence."

Influenced by Tenjima, Mikami began performing with the indie trio Sayja Sayja in the 1990s. He also appeared in Tenjima's *Don't in Me Shiro* [Platoon] to Die in The Country], performing one of his better known early songs, "Kareno" ("Grow"). "A man of 66 stood atop the body of the virgin girl he murdered in the grassy red soil of his youth beneath the aspen tree his gold teeth shine! From the undergrowth he'd raised to the center the girl meekly dutifully they fly away!" The moment in which he lets up with his full-throated screams sends the men with all the force of a jet engine. Mikami's collision with the stage led into his next project – touring and recording with pianist Yusuke Yamashita. Although these days firmly past of the jazz establishment, back then Yamashita was at the vanguard of Japan's free jazz scene. He assigned Mikami's 75th album *Engel* ("Even apart it doesn't sound odd") assigns the singer. The title track is a meandering mosaic of contemporary noise collage that "sampled" snippets from his back catalogue, his folk contemporaries and even Richard Strauss. "I don't know much about music; concerts or sound collage," he elaborates. "For me, the aim was that song was to do something that felt. At that time, underground theatre in Japan was very popular."

"I used to see Yamashita perform live at a jazz club Shinjuku Pit Inn [in Tokyo] a lot," he continues. "I don't remember who suggested it first, but the idea of playing together seemed like fun. The collaboration came about naturally. Each time, I didn't think that a jazz sense, but playing with Yamashita I discovered my own. Yamashita told me that musical technique wasn't about being able to play fast or use lots of chords but about putting all your emotion into the music. I was a composer, they who knew nothing about music, but he really encouraged me. He said, 'You only need to know one chord. Just pour your emotions across to the audience. Leave the rest to us!'"

Since releasing his first album on PSP in 1991, *On the Run* (in The Only One Around), Mikami

has collaborated with Ken Hirao (memorably captured on the two volumes of *Live in The First Year Of Hiroo*, also featuring pioneering free jazzist Yoshizawa and drummer Ishizuka, the aforementioned Urabe and Ishizuka in Senjaki, recorded a handful of albums with Hirao and Ishizuka as *Wings*, and played in a duo with Yoshizawa, whom Mikami first heard in 1999. Both played at the same Tokyo venue, *Shibuya 109*, which was famed for being a hangout for both student anarchists and night wing nekobaka. It was through Yoshizawa that Mikami first heard about Hirao some 20 years later. "Yoshizawa told me about this interesting guy," he recalls. "I didn't know about him until then. When we first played, Hirao didn't play guitar, he played tambourine. We played at a really small underground venue in Ogikubo [in western Tokyo]. Yoshizawa played the bass using a bow. If Yoshizawa was still alive, I think we'd still be playing as a trio because it was a lot of fun."

It's a credit to Mikami's robust presence that he is never subsumed by the considerable musical talent he surrounds himself with. What does he look for in such collaborators? "The joy of not being able to predict what's going to happen. When I play solo, I have my lyrics so I know what direction I'm going in. When I collaborate, I might make a noise but I have no idea what kind of sounds the others will create. I have to react to those spontaneous moments and make decisions. That is what's thrilling."

When I collaborate with Ken Hirao," he continues, "this world is interesting to me because in his music he tries to express the basic emotions before they take the form of words. Words are sounds too, of course, but Hirao tries to express the most fundamental sounds, whereas my singing is ultimately language-oriented – it's words and articulate. In a way, I confine him more, if you like. Take the word *hate* (Hater), for example. Hirao will try to express hate before the word takes shape in the human mind, before it becomes his 'Hate my my my. The mind is confined to hate. I help put his word together. But once his word looks like it might become fixed, he tries to escape it again. That process between us is interesting. I think."

Both Senjaki and *Veiga* are about the 'spater' [me] between words," he elaborates. "Although with *Veiga* it's about the space between the spoken words.

In Senjaki, Urabe plays his sax as if he was drinking a traditional Japanese ink painting or writing calligraphy. He starts off with a blank canvas. My singing and Urabe's 'space' together create. I think a kind of calligraphy piece. Both projects are attempts to expand the concept of 'spater'."

As he approaches 60, Mikami is clearly leaning to channel his anger in different, less direct ways. "It he hasn't completely outgrown the violent themes that dominated his early albums. "The act of making music itself is very powerful, what you might call 'violent' and it can be aggressive. That one result is fantastic music," he says. "But that's something I could only have done when I was younger. Violent music comes from the body. Violence is the universal theme of youth, whatever you're from – it's something everyone possesses when you're in your twenties. As you get older you get to know better. But even so, they don't stop you from making music."

"I want to remain angry because there are so many things wrong with society. My feelings of violence haven't really been changed, of course. I'll have a choice between whether I'm going to be attacked or to attack, I'll choose the latter. I think music allows you to go on the offensive – you can ask questions about the state of the country. I want to remain angry because there are so many things wrong in the world. But for me, violence is a sign of weakness, I think. I see my role is to get inside people and challenge them with my music. By violent I don't mean physically, but by using violent themes in my songs too. I want to make the kind of music that provokes people into thinking about what is right and wrong. In Japan in the 70s, people were looking for answers and all of society was asking questions, but that only lasted four or five years."

So how can Mikami ensure his audience keeps asking questions? "People might think that you have to keep making the same song, but that's not what I'm looking for. I'm looking at it. "He responds without missing a beat. "Why do people want to become agitated? What makes people protest? Because they want to be free, they want to protest. As a musician, my theme has never changed. It's about telling the listener that they can be free." ☐ Ken Mikami's *Joe* and *Veiga*'s live are out now on PSP. In September, Mikami plays three nights at London Cafe OTD. www.otoyoko.co.uk

Deep in the woods

Germany's ancient forests conceal the nation's profoundest myths and darkest secrets, which is what makes GAS, the most consistent project of Wolfgang Voigt, such a powerful experience. In a rare interview, the Kompakt/Studio 1/Profan founder and man of many aliases (from Mike Ink to Grungerman) talks about the development of Cologne Techno, his love of British meta-pop and his nostalgic attempts to reconnect with the German music of his youth. By Rob Young. Photography by Kai von Rabenau.



Wight with Späthaler (left) Zago



The rim of the forest spreads out ahead, a screen of trees that shelters a looming darkness. Lit up in the late summer sun, in the minutes before the shadows fall, the tall, slender trunks of pine and beech are negated and packed tight like a row of white teeth. The forest is deep, but the densely planned trees barely admit sight for more than a few metres.

Lying just east of Cologne, Königforst is one of Germany's oldest wild woods, a tangle of ash, beech and fir. Now a protected observation area, it is a popular spot for city trips. Growing up in the 1970s, the young Wolfgang Voigt was often brought here by his parents. Later, as a teenager he returned for more enlightening experiences. "A kind of Harezi and Gnostic on acid," he describes it. "In my happy times in the 1970s, I experimented also with LSD. Most of the times together with friends as endless nature trips. Like no other drug, LSD has of course an effect on the way of 'seeing things', but I can definitely say that even without this experience, my artistic work would have been the same as it is. In retrospect, the most relevant works were created with an extremely clear mind."

Indeed, only the clearest of minds could have released such a voluminous output as Voigt, who has left a massive discography behind him stretching back nearly 20 years. After some low-key new-wave debuting in the 1970s, he went in to the Axel Hausler Trance of the late 80s and early 90s, and followed through with a convulsion of activity throughout the 90s, which saw a flood of Rhine Delta labels from Bayreuth and Porz to Kompakt, the Techno-pop label that grew from the shop that provides his operational base. His variegated electronic music flowed out via a shifting array of aliases and coded identities: Mike Ink, Low Inc, Split Inc, GAS, Contingent Force, Mink, Grungemunk, All, Pinhead, Aubrey, M&S, Dem, Popoed, Wassermann, Stress, all aimed to explore micro-various in techno styles,

laying the groundwork for today's ubiquitous minimal styles and Schaffel grooves. The sum of his work has restored the music to an incredibly Germanic Pop Art continuum that, like Voigt, connects the dots between Wagner and the early 20th-century orchestral music of Schoenberg and Berg, campy music, kitschy Schlager, T Rex, the Israeli mini-pop of Scritti Politti andPrefab Sprout, UK Acid House, British Techno, and its German offspring from Frankfurt and Berlin.

This month, the complete works of GAS, Voigt's most long-lived, mysterious and controversial project, are being issued in a new four-CD set, along with an accompanying book published through Carsten Nicolai's art empire Raster/Voigt. The final GAS album, *Pop*, came out as far back as 2000, since when Voigt himself seems to have taken his musical output and concentration on running Kompakt. But now, with the reappearance of his signature work, celebrating Kompakt's six-year anniversary, and with the minimal style he moved way back in the mid-90s becoming concrete club currency, Voigt appears refreshed and repurposed.

Since the millennium, when he contributed to Raster-Notizen 20 To 2000 CD series, we have heard relatively little Voigt on record. Indeed, he's helped give the Kompakt business to the point where, in the past five years, it's finally achieved worldwide recognition. At the end of the 90s, when Kompakt was trading proudly, minimal 12's like Jürgen Paape's "Thumpin'" were not a single London club where you could hear the stuff played out. Now they can throw a party like the one in May 2007 on a Shoreditch warehouse, keep it open till the last minute, and still ardiole the place. Kompakt's smooth, aerodynamic presens colours and paunchy synthetic beats speak of inclusiveness, not the tribal divisions of so many micro-various, micro-identities.



Kompakt shop and label HQ in Reinhardtstrasse, Cologne

Kompakt has released more than 300 records since 1996. If there is any 'house sound', it is founded on the deep bass and late-sleeper drip of its Minidubs and official, both coupled with varying degrees of cheap or cult taste. There is certainly a niche quality to many Kompakt releases, a sense that the music is forged of new polymers with hitherto unknown properties, featureless, ergonomic, resistance. It tests its market with an insistent flow of singles – is using them out into the crucial feedback loop of dance culture – and in the past 12 months has issued successful albums length work from non-Kompakters Thomas Fehlmann, The Field and Gail Borelli. They even reassessed Ambient to take The Orb in 2005. "As A&R of the Kompakt label," comments Voigt, "I have listened to thousands of demos. And always with a curious expectation of the next best thing. Many of the demos sound like what we have already got and most of them sound like what we do not need. And only a few sound like they would fit in well, but nevertheless different. And the best of those will be released." Good, interesting music is no matter where it comes from and who made it will always list, unbiased ears at Kompakt.

Regular compilation series: Total and Populace are out as annual reports, consolidating the label's many 12" releases. Kompakt – and presumably Voigt – is fond of conceptualising its releases and funneling them through organising strands. Memorably the Kraftwerk series of 32 7" singles – one for each week in 1995, building up to the *KRK* – raised whole new effects. And, of course, looking you and unbeknownst beats all emanating from Voigt and his friends right back to the late 80s.

"It has always been one of my wishes to have a kind of Factory 1 in Andy Warhol, a space for artistic expression," says Voigt. "Or a studio you never have to leave if you do not really want to."

"It has always been one of my visions to have a kind of Factory à la Andy Warhol, a space for artistic expression. Or a castle you never have to leave if you do not really want to"

48 Limbaterstrasse in Cologne is Wolfgang Voigt's creative factory and market square: all contained in one building. Since the mid-90s, this address in the city's Belgian Quarter has been transformed into a kind of perpetual motion machine where music is recorded, designed, marketed, distributed and sold to the public via the shop floor. And at night, its co-owner simply toggles upstairs and keys his head down in the apartment above. Opened on 1 March 1992, the shop was originally a branch of Delium, an independent record outlet based in Frankfurt. The Cologne branch – which went independent as Kompakt in 1998 – was founded and owned by four of the city's most dynamic underground techno musicians: Wolfgang Voigt and his brother Bernhard, plus their friends Jörg Burger and Jürgen Paepe. "At that time," recalls Voigt, "the festival scene wasn't needed a platform for organizing our love for Techno music and the constantly growing number of our own productions."

Four friends since their late 70s schooldays: three from, plus Michael Mayer, who joined in 1992, planted the seeds for Cologne's techno sound to develop and run riot. In parallel to the rise of the Basic Channel/Onion Records scene in Berlin, the Cologne techno scene was inspired by the electronic dance of Detroit and Chicago, but what really caught their attention was the diverse energy channelled through the weekly late-night UK Acid House scene. The mind-blowing 808 basslines and deviations flickering around a monotonous core proved hypnotically fascinating, especially on a trip to London in 1990, the UK's 'Second Summer of Love', when Voigt got caught up in the party mood of the capital's techno parties.

"Acid House was a tsunami-like wave," he explains. "I was completely enthralled as at the Internet bubble, subjects or message of the sound and beats. And it represented a cultural liberation from the vegetating 80s' rather fitness pop culture. Finally! Disco music had become number one subculture, replacing the same old story: four guys, guitar, jeans and a front singer. Suddenly, thanks to the Acid movement, it was possible to release records regardless of who you were at when you were coming from. There was total anonymity. Networks were created by using a non-verbal, almost secret musical language."

When Voigt calls this moment "an epoch-making achievement," the hypebole is justified. For everyone growing up in Germany in the 80s, the previous music industry was dead. After the country's own new wave movement had run out of steam, the charts were largely full of Western pop hits; homegrown talent tended to produce only poor, broken English simulacra of American and British hit formulas. I remember spending a month in Hanover

in 1985 on an exchange trip: the radio (and school disco!) awash with Foreigner, Jethro Tull and Bryan Adams. At that moment, Voigt was in his mid-twenties, a self-described "pop subculture enthusiast." "UK pop music was the ultimate sound!" he says. "It was standing head and shoulders above the rest, in particular above German pop music. And apart from pure fashion and style reasons, I was particularly interested in the theoretical approach, and especially Boris Pelt's. Like no one else, Stern magazine knew how to translate philosophical issues and structures on to the traditional three minute pop song. I was really stunned by this approach and by their extremely high production level by that time. So? The problem, though was how to translate that sound into a German sound aesthetic (they didn't sound like German copies).

I visited Delium in the spring of 1997 while researching a story on the Cologne scene for the magazine. I walked into the shop virtually as a tourist and asked to meet 'Mike Ink' as Voigt was then best known. A swift phone call: then I was ushered behind the gleaming white counter, past nearly stacked 12's from the pressing plant, up some stairs glancing into a small room that I was told was Mike Ink's studio, and to the next floor where Voigt dwelt in a wooden-floored, formerly open-plan apartment. White lab coats shrouded an unapologetically eclectic mixture of jazz, punk, new wave, British 80s pop music and – his greatest love – glam rock. Sitting at his kitchen table, answering my questions, he came across as confident and direct, if slightly guarded – in fact he readily admitted how interested at that time. "In a distant way in general," he admitted then. "But I'm open-minded to everybody, I talk to everybody. I just keep my distance from the record shop downstairs just to keep my head free for my own music. For my own business, I don't have to fit in much."

These words were spoken after Voigt had enjoyed five years at the diamond-hard cutting edge of experimental techno in Germany. Born and raised in Cologne, Voigt has never lived outside the city, whose towering Gothic cathedral casts its shadow over a unique mix of system of interpenetrated underground markets in a poignant sense that Voigt has characterized as "one long bar". "My parents neither specifically encouraged me with my music nor did they restrain. But I could do whatever I wanted to. They would sometimes listen to German Schlager, but they also listened to James Last, Dean Martin, Frank Sinatra. In fact it was one who was more into Schlager, and later classical music and Karlheinz Stockhausen, but the soundtrack of my childhood is definitely glam rock!" In the early 1980s he met up with Jörg Burger, the producer and DJ (The Bureau, The Moderns),

whose equally minimalist electronic has shadowed Voigt over the years. Back then, Burger was bassist in a short-lived new wave group called Les Inner Cities, who briefly staged a Top 40 gigging. "We both played in different new wave bands," recalls Voigt, "and shared a jam space. And then, in 1989, we were both absolutely thrilled by the Acid movement. It was then when Jürgen Paepe, my brother's schoolmate, joined us." Few of their earliest efforts with samplers and sequencers have survived, and their early Acid/House 12's for their first two labels, France Atlantic and Mino Tare, are now impossibly rare. 1992 saw the debut of Mike Ink, as Burger & Voigt, a shared EP on Force Inc. with Jörg Burger and the Shaker of Air Liquide, later the host of Cologne's Liquid Sky club. Early collaboration was a rock affair: "Burger," which sampled Prodigy's Scream, was of those early English groups he loved so much. This EP looks like the foundation stone of Cologne Techno: these three pioneers, who locally referred to themselves as the Brotherhood Of Situations, would be the tripod holding up the scene during the ensuing decade.



Mike Ink, "Single 80214" 12" (Force Inc. 1992)

Then, at Christmas 1990, a Mike Ink like vinyl 12" slipped out on Freixy, bearing the inscription "Trump Tower"/"Jungle Belle" in blithely Gothic script. "Trump Tower" is a sloping shuffle that we would now call 'over tempo', a Soul II Soul beat peppered with over-the-top organ. "Jungle Belle" is a novelty holiday track at its late-stopping bpm count, but its deployment of domestic exotica clear pre-echoes of Voigt's later work, fusing elements of variations of the bump and chuck. Profiles was set up to do just that: on 12's the Mike Ink, Mino Tare, Grungemus and others.

Beginning in late 1990, Studio 1 was an attempt to streamline this confining stifle of later age: a series of six vinyls later compiled on CD. With each instalment differentiated only by the colour of its label, Studio 1 is about as minimal as minimal ever

"My intention was to crystallise a very individual pop sound that would fit in with the subculture. A part of this goes back to the psychedelic drug experiences I made in the late 70s at Königshorst"

gets an object lesson in ruthless musical logic in pursuit of his ideal. Unlike the splashy, gaudy cloths of dub around the contemporary Basic Channel releases, Studio 1 is rigid and masculine, often little more than a brittle high drum and wind-synthesised soundlines in the flat studio. "What you hear is only sampling," he emphasised to me at the time, "there's absolutely no machine running. Just bass drums and minimal, hyped Techno-synthesizer." Elsewhere he summed up his approach as "Mixing out meaning to the benefit of absolute explosive fun."

At the same time, Afrika 'brother' Love knew as a movement, glanderfolk, powder of pop music, track titles brazenly signalling the music's subtext: "The Look Of Love," "Dark Side Of The Moon," "Drimessette," "New Jerk City," "How Deep Is Your Love," "Jah Hut," "New American." Best of all was the 1996 *Life Is A Game* album on Force Inc, whose genre-blending title track brilliantly tipped Techno's 4/4 pulse off its axis into a Triplex-inspired jitterbug waltz. The tracks contained only the most traces of their sampled origins – just enough to trigger half-formed memories, but bent entirely into a new shape.

Wolfgang's live vision during our meeting in 1992, Voigt emphasised the 4/4 beat by pumping his fist against the table in a vulgarly ostentatious fashion, explaining how the "Sociale des la Berlin" would be shown to represent, for him, the "idea of a German techno." At a time when globalisation and the European Union felt like exciting developments, and Germany, just before its millennial recession, seemed to be in the middle of a youth cultural Renaissance, such comments seemed oddly misplaced, an uncomfortable throwback to nationalist attitudes best left behind in the detritus of the past. Voigt attributed a certain amount of risk to some of these comments, but the only 360° rehearsal in various incarnations of neo-Nazi in Germany, with lightning-applauded torches, was Voigt's remarks on German identity politics were wistfully sucked into the fold. But his musical archaeology had nothing to do with nationalist politics per se, it was more about reconnecting with personal memories, processing a nostalgia for the time and place he grew up in. By referencing national culture, he exposed a nationwide failure to embrace the significance of Germany's cultural past.

"People couldn't say anything any more and actually took refuge in club culture," he told a German interviewer in 1999. "The place yourself is controversial. There are things discussed, resisted out, debated out and then it's OK."

"In earlier times," he reflects today, "the idea was to be able to change the world – at least the disco – by means of music was one of the pushing motives for us in any work. For me, Techno has never been

just a means for expressing 'memories'. A lot of heart and soul was always involved. And feelings that remained unmet." The heart and soul beat strongest in another of his parallel productions: the most monumental of them all: GAS.

PROFAN



Artwork from the first GAS EP (Profile 1993)

Modern, the first EP under the name GAS, appeared on Profan in April 1996. A graphic design on its label pictured a light bulb flashing on, and here indeed was an explosive new sound: as if Voigt had reached for a subtle knife and pried his way into a parallel world. Some of their tracks do indeed function, he boasted proudly like "they were thinking they were through a snow shower." "The search is on right now, they were made years ago!" Voigt told me in 1992, "from old pop record stuff with a new style of using sampler technology. It's all sampling, a certain kind of loops and reverse, and damaged reverse, which has no ending and no start, and it's not totally confusing."

The four subsequent GAS albums didn't come out as Voigt's own labels, instead they were picked up by Mike Platone, the Frankfurt offshoot of Force Inc that explicitly committed electronic music to postmodernist theory thanks to the cult-classical of label founder Arthur Schopenhauer for the 'inhomogeneous' philosophy of Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari. The label even took its name from their tome. A thousand *Platone* published in 1999, it made sense for such a conceptualist risk project to find a home there, outside any of Voigt's own label family. "The origins of GAS go back to the 1990s," he says. "Since then, as BLU, I have constantly been working and reflecting on the most different sound structures, with reference to classical, baroque or Schopenhauer. My intention was to crystallise an extract of very individual pop sound that would fit in with the subculture. A part of this vision goes back to the psychedelic drug experiences I made in the late 70s at Königshorst."

The later GAS releases credited the "Mastermind" to "Wolfgang Voigt for BLU" (BLU), recurring beat,

was the umbrella name he assigned to the aspects of his mid-20s mission that dealt with brass beat music, marches and politics (see, for example, his 1996 Warp single "Police Truck"). As well as the closest equivalent that GAS is the abbreviation for German Youth to Switzerland – the linguistic territory delineated used by the Central European recording industry – GAS (pronounced with the long German A) is a product of BLU, an alchemical transmutation of lead into audio gold, liberating the same material from its historical, cultural, political and taste nooses. Cultural examples of Wagner, Schopenhauer and Berg – among others – were strangled in memory, looping layers.

"GASous music," Voigt calls it, "caught by a beat drum machine, by that streams out through the unmetabolised seeds the forest soil." Here, Voigt does not make too much of a meal out of the actual samples used. Speak a word over and over, the meaning evaporates. Run a loop for long enough, you cease to hear the samples' context. "I try to reduce the material to its basic aesthetic structure by using different zoom, loop and alteration techniques in order to release it from its original meaning and context. My focus is on creating a kind of aesthetic essence, a cave – distal-loop perception – where you can get lost. The most interesting thing about GAS is not Wagner, his music, it is GAS."

And that was the sole word that appeared on the first album, in a small thin font on an abstract, sulphuric yellow coverprint. Parts of it sound like an outdoor view, heard floating through the nocturnal air from a neighbouring village. The second track begins with words: dotted with chaotic pulses of pink noise. Too uneasy to be Ambient, too muted for the description: electronics had never sounded this way before.

Then, at the end of 1997, came *Zwischen (Mitte Am Abend)*. The opening scene and a half-minute is a ground, featureless, elegant certainty. Then the darkness strikes up, mental ineffable, buried in the heart of the woods. A low frenzy drive prowls an eternal scene. The rattle of decomposing tape soaks the edges of the mix with a dampening drizzle. On the third track the drone returns, the time streaked with shafts of sunlight from phantom voices. Then, for every 20 minutes, a jackhammer pounds a thick bed of noise.

The cover art brought the idea of GAS into sharper focus: a night-vision image of a forest of oak, ash and pine, belated a blood red sun. Königshorst (1993), the next GAS release, pulled the forest imagery one notch deeper: shrouded in an other mystery seen through a broadleaf canopy. The sound fills the space between your ears: the further you go, the greater the disorientation, then's simply another of the same. The music does not represent the forest it is the forest.



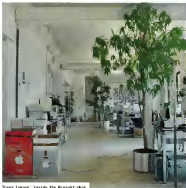
Artwork for the original GAS release on RSDa Platters : 044 (1994)



Zsuzsanna (1997)



BridgeForest (1999)



Tree Image : Inside the Borscht shop



Pop (2008)

"Due to mass overkill, loss of values and arbitrariness, the once liberating movement of international minimal Techno has degenerated into an uninspired, unglamorous DJ kit, a boring pap"

The forest is a central plank of German national myth. Maps from classical antiquity trace their coastline until they reach the inscrutable woodland of Germania, or *Alamania*. The lands barbarian inhabitants were considered by the Roman Empire to be tree-hugging savages, their general proximity to nature indicative of their lack of civilized values. The word "forest" itself derives from the Latin word *forens* – "outside." But in fact it was the forest – challenging to topography for an imperial army to navigate – that was the German tribes' chief asset in resisting annexation by the Roman legions. The eloquent Roman officer Varus was defeated by the rebel army led by Arminius (Hermann) in a famous 1st-century ambush in the Teutoburg Woods, an event that has the equivalent significance for Germans as the victory of the English warrior queen Boadicea. Such myths of unquenchable "purity," mirrored in Latin histories like the *Germania* of Tacitus, were eagerly and faithfully copied upon by the Nazis, who emphasized the connections between woodland and Hitler. But Nazi patronage turned many aspects of German national myth and culture that were created with no fascist intent.

In one sense, the GAS project is a loving attempt to reappropriate the lineage of German music. From Wagner we inherited brass bands to klash pop. Survey the pantheon of German art and it is impossible not to stumble onto the forest path at some point or other, whether in the folk tales of the Brothers Grimm or the paintings of Caspar David Friedrich, the poetry of Hölderlin, the total art of Wagner and the sylvan setting of Schoenberg's symphonic poem *Felice And Melancholic*. Also crucial to this canon are the strolled and gifted canvases of Anselm Kiefer, who lived on the outskirts of the Colnwood forest in the early 70s and made paintings such as *Germany's Spiritual Home* or *Venus* showing the dark and lonely way into the forest as metaphor, concealing dark secrets, bloody memories. The edges of the forest in which classical civilization and Enlightenment values are confronted with obscure remnants of superstition and magic, unknown beasts and dangers. Kiefer's enormous paintings of murky forests and dimmed light labelled with the names of dead heroes, are well as stage sets for an operatic meditation on

Germany's intellectual and mythological inheritance – a meditation for which the GAS albums would make an appropriate soundtrack. And in some of the more abrasive extended chords of Zuckenberg and Kienkeforter, I can't help also hearing remnants of the sinister synth-wave with which David Lynch evoked subliminal images of Twin Peaks, a series that translated the grimre of forest looms of Northern Europe to a Pacific North-West Washington whose terrain is uncannily similar.

GAS is the Autobahn of the 80s: an ironic vision of Germanic culture – at this time celebrating technological progress as per Kraftwerk, but veering down a side road plunging into the wild wood commingling with Germany's ghost culture. With Mille Plateaux defunct, Voigt is reuniting this momentous series in a reissued quadruple set on Remastered. The notion of re-mastering albums that are already products of the digital music age – as Edgemoth Hops have recently done with *Forever and Fits* – seems like a contradiction in terms: can the sound really be improved? "To remember a track does not necessarily mean to digitize a track," he claims. "It is more about optimizing the sound by using different technical means – including digital." But in any case, something about the GAS records proved resistant to any tinkering. "At the beginning of the re-release project, I thought about remastering all the four GAS albums and sending them as set and more contemporary. Jörg Burger and I started our adventurous mastering trip through the world of today's magic tools and plug-ins. Yet with growing amazement, we diagnosed GAS's persistent, almost stubborn resistance to any refreshing attempts. For authenticity reasons, we then decided to preserve the major part of the original GAS sounds and textures. Sometimes the original sound is the only truth one – even if it hurts."

To accompany the reissued edition, *Reister-Noten* is publishing a 50 page book featuring Voigt's photographs of Kienkeforter, a complement to the above set. Instead, each page is simply covered with signs, both oak leaves and pine needles, or others, twigs, branches and foliage indulging in an abstract exponential dot of growth. As well as two extended tracks from the late 80s, a CD included with the book provides a fascinating glimpse at the

backstory of GAS, with two tracks from 1992 and even one dated 1989 – with contextual snippets left as a never story. "Basically, the book presents the visual aspects of the GAS sounds," explains Voigt. "I did not want to make any direct reference to the original sounds or to the forest itself." Instead, he wants to return to the "foggy" state he was in during those youthful hilltop escape days.

"The vision of GAS has survived unscathed and in good condition. And even more urgent than ever before. Yet the illusion has changed. In future, I will push my very own artistic visions, regardless of any influences and expectations, in a more defined and determined way."

For now, then, the GAS trilogy stands as Wolfgang Voigt's masterpiece, a work of subtlety and integrity that looks like Giorgio Gherardini over the page art representation of his dancefloor slides. As to the future, Kienkeforter is flourishing, the music playing on a scratch as never before. "We always had lots of luck and extremely good positioning," Voigt beams. "Fortunately we did not have to face any major difficulties in the past, and [we have sound] continues development without losing our characteristic profile." But in the future, he may be about to embark on a new era of his own productions. "At the moment, I am not interested in any contemporary mainstream pop culture, regardless of where it is coming from. Due to mass overkill, loss of values and arbitrariness, the once liberating movement of international minimal Techno has degenerated into an uninspired, unglamorous DJ kit, a boring pap."

He may be playing his cards close to his chest as to the detail, but you can be sure the master technician has all his nerves worked out. "After a creative pause of several years, and my preoccupation with other things, I continued working creatively to the point where I had already been in the 1990s to create a sound and an imagery that opens a new into reality itself. But there is a slight difference now. I do not want to save the world anymore, the only one I want to save is myself!" □ The reissued GAS 4xCD box set is released at the end of this month on Kompakt. Wolfgang Voigt's book + CD GAS is published this month by Reiser-Noten.



night with one of his forest photographs

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Soundcheck

This month's selected CDs and vinyl



The B4310 ID is FV34944 (DATE OF BIRTH: 01/01/1944)
 Charles Karaman: Richard Thiele, Barnard's Research, Ltd. (FV34944)

The Magic ID
Till My Breath Gives Out
 CANTOR 03

There might be "Joy in Repression" for Prince, but for most improvisers, doing the same thing over and over again is strictly verboten. Imagine the surprise, then, when a Prince jam popped up during one of electroacoustic improv's shrouded festivals, hosted by the Graciebel Hotel in New York in May 2004, when laptopist Christof Krummholz and guitarist Benke and Sheryl launched into "Sometimes It Snows in April" from 1986's *Prince*, with rhapsodic brooding vocals by Margherita Krummholz and Adèle Krummholz, who were in the audience at the time.

Subsequently released as *schon... live an Erntedance* it was a surprisingly successful meeting of two musical worlds that respectively have nothing in common: so-called R&B is exclusively instrumental and goes out of its way to avoid not only words but also rhythm, melody and harmony while the religious music of the German church is in itself instantly recognizable – in repeated – n-ly tone or sequence of chords (we are often enough – ask *Low Pass*) that the search for someone ground between religious song forms and unfettered free expression have led to some of most exciting new music of the past 20 years, from groups as diverse as *Geist Der Welt* and *Visionen The Band*, and *Christal* (see www.geistderwelt.com) to *Stille* (see www.stille.de) and *Stille* (see www.stille.de).

In *The Man* 273 (November 2006), he announced that he and Margaret Kamasawa had already teamed up with clarinetists Michael Thieke and Kai Fagstichinski. They recorded the six songs on *Till My Breath Gives Out* in Vienna that same month.

The two had already worked together on *Shrek 2* (Foghorn's 2006 casting), *Minutemen*, and Kattman's *Charlie's Angels* label had already released Kattman's striking debut, *To Be An Animal Of Your Kind* in 2004. That same year, Kattman burned up with Foghorn's under the major Komando Records/FFD/Stone and took home MacCell (via Roberts' *Flash*) for a role into the FBI undergrowth on *The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face*.

Top! My brain gives Out! Inaugurates the new
 HotPop Impresario, but the musicians are very of the
 Forward "It's not the form that makes a song new,
 but the production," says Kamenov. "I wouldn't say
 this is pop, the sound is too far removed from a
 pop record." Indeed—with two different diameters on a board
 like closer to chamber music—but there's no shortage of
 hooks, and the arrangements are so infectious
 and pared-down that they find us flush at a new
 and less boring feeling. The songs were composed
 and collected through a process of trial and error.
 "There's almost no room for improvisation,"
 Fogarty says. "It's all written. It's all pre-planned
 going into the studio. This is not a postmodern
 production."

The subtly dulcet tension between opposing forces is immediately apparent, both in the musical surface in the lullaby-dreamy dash of major and minor that opens "True Holiday," and in the formal level when the intro gives rise to a halt with the appearance of Kummerow's laptop. Even when the song proper begins, the clearly clanked multiphonics and strange wails and howls are wild rather than underlie Kummerow's fragile vocals. On "Feet Deep," the rhythmic propulsion of her strumming is counterbalanced by the stark at the end of the

Reconciling the perpetual motion of pop and the frozen details of electroacoustic Improv, Christof Kurzmann's *Magic ID* project sinks its hooks deep. By Dan Warburton

Maybe I said you're alive and maybe my eyes have a special filter" she sings, as the song finds its way into a different tempo and timbre altogether. Kamenetz and Kamenetz look back in panning the lyrics, here drawing inspiration from literature – "True Beauty" references a Douglas Cane poem – and then they move forward to the next song, "Misty Highway's" "How High The Moon" in the closing "Loop(s)!" Kamenetz isn't overly political, but her commitment to left wing causes is well known; the first voice we hear is that of Astor Shtark, former GLBT Panther and godmother of the 20's: "I've been part of my history then we are defining ourselves. Fight for freedom. The fight is to be able to stand up to what is wrong in the world. The irreconcilable, the breaking chain of gap and the free theme of GLBT, somehow more evident than in the closing "Loop(s)!" Here love seems to stand still, with Fagundes's delicate elegiacs, Trisha's etherealness flutters and Kamenetz's lady throwing a noisily of chords that seems to have been pushed out of her. Not sadness and dreary, yet playfully teased.

[illegible]

Dave Stelfox is entranced by a Detroit master producer's fusion of stark futurism and sepia-toned nostalgia

Three Parish Sound Sculptures Vol. 1

2010/11 120MIN 7086 24/CD

For almost as long as House music has been in existence, the word "deep" has been used to describe its subtler pleasures. From its pioneering origins (including Marshall Jefferson and Frankie Knuckles) through to present-day innovators such as Moodymann, this pursuit of a sublime, liminal space between the groove has been inseparable from some of the culture's most transcendent and revelatory music.

As with the best of these outliers, for Three Parish the key to true depth lies in the details. Over a gargantuan track catalogue (his Detroit-based producer has continued to refine a signature sound based around leggy bass textures, a pulsating percussion, meandering instrumental hooks and haunting vocal melodies) with care and unerring precision he weaves these fragile threads into remarkable tapestries that simultaneously reveal images of stark futurism and sepia-toned nostalgia.

First released as a single vinyl LP at the tail end of 2002, this reimagined double CD version of *Sound Sculptures* (aptly named) More than a standard House album, it is a heartfelt and painstakingly crafted homage to the past, present and potential of African-American music. This theme is evident in track titles such as "Galactic Ancestry", a blend of Cybotron-style electro and kawaii-chi chords from an altogether earlier era; and, especially, "Black Music Is Love Me!", a lengthy and wonderful ode to the blues/jazz fusion and loopy contortions of funk artists from Muddy Waters to Nina Simone and Sly Stone are tied back into contemporary club culture in spoken-word poetry by Craig Kuciby.

Over 27 tracks, a quarter of which are little more than hip-hop-style skits and apical bursts of bass and melody, Parish reinterprets blues, soul and funk in equally different fashions. More than just the sum of its parts, though, his work is a multilayered experience. Reducing human voices to a diaphanous gauze, using traditional instruments back to their blarest essence and adding a veritable smorgasbord of sonic samples to underpin hooks and melodies, he creates an environment that's as tenderly deconstructed as it is elaborately assembled.

"Nightdrive!-54w" slowly builds from a rigid barbershop melody into a seductive slice of lounge jazz. Halfway through, though, one of the sounds becomes more and more familiar; eventually

emerging itself as the clattering legs of a typewriter. Then the whole piece morphs into a synopsized whirl of cymbals, snare shots and jangling white-noise before finally dissolving into a rousing trial of speeding car engines.

"Grrr! Downstairs! music!", meanwhile, takes the metronomic click-clicking of a Newton's cradle and, over the course of 11 minutes, shifts layer upon layer of synths, beats, bass notes and a wisp repeating setting more than the song's title over and over again. Three longer, snare-burning tracks show Parish at his best, taking the essentially monotonous and creating cycling, constantly evolving soundscapes with gentle shifts in timbre and their agitation.

The exacting nature of his compositions is always clear, with every component making pivotal even in its absence. To this end, "Love! Humphrey!" begins with a repeated and promised peak (coming from a single chord) built up before, under the force, the single element breaks down as it's all the tracks development that it takes a couple of minutes after its disappearance to stop hearing its ghost traces. As successive parts are added to the tale – a flute chord here, a burst of woodblock percussion there – a series of peaks and troughs unfold. To describe these red-hot levels of rhythmic intensity as crescendo would be wrong, however. Rather than soaring melody, Parish places emphasis on staccato and green, as slivers of sound are piled on top of one another, each beat and counterpoint just a little out of time, then reversed almost at random, like a musical game of Jenga that somehow never topples.

As both DJ and producer, even when playing it relatively straight, Parish has always delighted in toying with his audience: "Bill Love (Bill Happiness) whitehouse!" is, fundamentally, another dreamy jazz cut, but one that's as easily prone as to be a perfect precursor for later, more overtly machine-driven material such as "Useful! Suspended". Following *Amplified* in these instances, it's clear that while drawing on many of the same sources as European producers (including Daga in The Axis and Jettamove, the influence of Gerrolt's *Techno* on Parish's oeuvre results in an equally idiosyncratic, yet infinitely more affecting quality).

A number of tracks, however, are especially evocative of Parish's finely tuned turntable performances: "The Pink" unambiguously evokes House's foundations in 1970s disco and Philly soul, teasing with a Flange vocal sample that perches on the edge of full song. Of course, it never does. "The Sky" and "Revised Chorus", featuring Maysa Bore, and "Soul Contrabass/Rain" featuring Aline Waters do foreground the human voice, but largely function as a release of the tensions built up by the preceding instrumentalists, wiping the slate clean for further rhythmic experimentation. The point where this becomes most apparent is when Waters's contribution fades into radio interference; this opens out into the nature and mechanical strains of "Synthetic Home". A follow-up 2003 rework of Mutant's "Acid Trax", this moment proves beyond all others that, as nuanced as this music may be, the raw pull of the disco/funk is always there, beating away just beneath the surface. □



Three Parish

century (in *passato prossimo*), but they place their last concert at the studio and onstage there only a bit at a time. Bell introduces "Kissin' on the Couch," songs of caution of second and, when Cole responds with rhythmic tapping and pronounced long notes, he slips into the shokkoke's lower register. The songs of encouragement on the remainder of the track, such as the CD as a whole, as just to add. When he takes a breath, as in the opening measures of "Whisper," the levity evokes the of the flute-like but makes a special of chaga alone.

Anat. Ben-David
Virtual Leisure

Check On Speed At London's Goldsmith College, they make a study of the relationship between speed in cars and jazz players when it came to playing a chromatic solo in front of a large and audience. **Basically**, she opts for a range of styles, from British-style colored to heavy-duty, fast-out electronics, busily **driving** Guggenheim into a mix of modern/d funk rock and indie-styled work.

Winter's *Land's* marks you well as a poet untroubled by the overly complicated syntax of postmodern writers, particularly on the paradoxical note "Four Bats": "You can't spend enough as you need to get more" and "Run," their playful spin on the Beatnik "Run in the U232," or the empty threat of "We're Having Some Good Times." But as well as a strong feeling of déjà vu, provoked by the lines of "Hated Cat" (1961), a prickly sense of "Zydeco" (1961), there is an impulse to know what Blevins' default posture of ironic restraint, such commercial ends into contrast of an ethos. This was always Frank Zappa's problem: There are some fun, whimsical moments here, some sleek operation of abstract buttons and negligible metaphors, while the full-throated lines attest of any "Guns Blues" is unconvincing. And yet, far as the conventional Sea-Change tradition, you feel untroubled or untroubled. At most, Blevins' words humbly remind: "I'm Done," or let's face it: more postmodern. But the book is not a collection of poems that both indicate and reveals it, at best, there are things to admire here but very little to love.

549/10

**Bitter Funeral Beer Band with
Don Cherry and K Sridhar
Live in Frankfurt 1992**

Swedish percussionist Bengt Berger began as a jazz drummer but studied Hindustani, Kenyan and West African rhythms at their sources and, as he needed labels for his series of Country Rhythms music or No Age. In the early 80s he turned up with a new World Music genre or Don Cherry, who had been touring regularly in Asia and Africa, becoming versed in wooden flutes, kumliks and dance poems. In earlier's gutter from Mali, so well as Pakistan's peacock totem.

Singer's *Enter Annual Star* with Cherry was released on EDM in 1991 and is currently unavailable. He issued a second album on the Dream label, and was due to launch

and organ, with a mostly Swedish ensemble featuring vocals, saxen, violin, trumpet, xylophone, electric guitar, tabla, bass and percussion. This group, active for a few years in the life, were particularly indebted to the La Bodega festival music of northern Greece.

Recorded at Frankfurt Radio in 1981, this previously unseen video clip features Cherry and his band, the Koolhaas, performing a song called "Dietrich." Cherry is seated at a piano, and the band members are standing behind him. The song is a tribute to Dietrich, and the lyrics are in German. The video is a black and white production, and the background is a simple, dark studio setting.

ABSTRACT *See page 100*

Frédéric Blondy & Thomas Lehn
Paris, France

Chab's five pieces derive from performances of French literature by poet Paul Fédèle in *Etude* and *Requiem* alongside professional player Thomas Lelek. The bulk of "2008" was recorded in four goes in 2008 and was recorded subsequently in a process of workshopping with Lelek, with the aim of making rather than solidifying changing the material. In stage, Chab's work moved from a study through Lelek's synthesis to a new that allowed reciprocal processing and interference to occur. The outcome might be seen as less poetic but the clear gain is that the work is now a more direct and unadorned approach. Sparse graphic boxes are lit up with ivory or gently washed through red modulation. Their interactive setup reminds me of a suggestion by philosopher Michel Serres, in his essays on birds and parrots, that something new is seen only "by the bird's eye" (1980, 1981). In this sense, like the introduction of live action to the theater,

The longer title track was performed at the Actar Transposons festival in Pinguet and it sounded only more adjusted to later. This piece is far less like a random lightbulb walk; the interaction is far more explicitly dramatic. Skoody works separately with the body of the piano, caviar and strings as well as keyboard. And Lohs is more alive, engaged and sometimes angry. The collaboration is explosive.

200.148 COWLEY

Barto
Suzette

It's hard to avoid the sense that for all their downbeat humor, there's some thing unambiguously about *Born*. Their 2006 collaboration with Sum Dill, *After*, brought the best out of both groups: its ironic snark and smug of melancholy are pointed soldiers.

their own devices, though. Bats have tended towards the right.

By contrast with *Sumo*, Citi's partly replaceable focus, *Sumo* fits between words and modes with a bigger bang across. They pass through styles — Motown-like proto-grunge, and rock, jazz — much like a distracted TV viewer flips through channels, never really synthesizing their barely flagged influences into any consistency. *Sumo* is well liked, the album's second collection rock reliably to prompt a smile of recognition for a well-known artist.

Any desire to write a seemingly well-adjusted good-hearted adult is a matter of knowing stylistic rules more rather than verbiage, and so the "experimental" elements that lie underneath adjacent to a psychiatric risk structure. The collaboration here (Stephen O'Malley, Mike Kamstra of Blood) being little new to the names of practice. The opening track, a cover of Japanese super-group "Taj Mahal, San Francisco," has a certain tension between loneliness that dissolves with one of the many warm tones of the songs-style to attack that open up entirely on the album, one which in understanding behavior can comfortably reduce. Their actual *Smiles*, affecting, a comfortable habit, occasionally diverting, but by no means a grandiose rolling album.

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

Thomas Brinkmann
When Horses Die...

Approaching his 40th, Thomas (known as long-time player in DeGuita's rental Techno scene) has released an album which could be interpreted as a retrospection of his own past. "There is NO TECHNO in the album," declares the accompanying press release emphatically, the way that packaged foods boast their GIN-free credentials. There are Techno-type effects, but these are created by distorting guitars, piano, brass and drums — classic rock instruments.

The apperance and sudden loss of "Inchcliffe" is most evident on the poster, "World's First a screaming police." Brinkman takes down officers over a "Inchcliffe" matter. Matthew Dear leaves off, deep in the woodslands of wood, reaching where Gels, Wells and Cowe runs, distinguished by their personal barbers. "Dark And Evil" shows some electric distortion, seeing the second degree burn on the road, but overall reminds us of The Young Gods of their dark and mad elements. With "Inchcliffe" and the dark elements of "Inchcliffe" Brinkman shows the police pick up and then some links back to the column, retrospective view of "Inchcliffe" and "The title" tend to be single-word officers each one is dropped here formation on a state of being. Joe Brown's "Inchcliffe" is a reference to

For all its awkward resonances of supposed Tocheo artifice, *When Moses Die* is actually a great success. Ginzburg does leave its mark in the form of metaphors and obsessions on an ill-fated poet who operates in an obscure region of his own somewhere between body and soul. That Enckmanns background as Tiedke is not a hindrance, but a positive help in negotiating his way from *Heffner's* to *Class*—suburban life in the North.

CAUTION: IT'S A...

Eric Brochard/Jean-Luc Guennepin/Edward Perre

**Mass Baron/Bertrand Dondier/
Jean-Luc Guennet/Stéphane
Blanc**

Propagations
[propagation.cc](#)

Jean-Luc Guilmette &
Toshimaru Nakamura
Map
POT 14704 00[illegible]

Protagoras and Alibi both sit at the electrocution end of the lamprey assembly line: the former is a squalidly spotted—face and fins (blue and green), abdomen (blue) and tail (brown)—who shifts from slow crawl to jerky lunges of pipe and hose into extended passages of held breath and tapered droplets of blood as he is electrocuted. The latter is a sleeker, more slender, more elegant fish, the same color, but with a more elegant, more powerful, more muscular body. He is the one that does the something to disrupt the group's equilibrium.

There is a false equilibrium as disrupt as Alibi is truly, sometimes open fractures that split the strips revealing fishbones, an imbalance in rapid rising and low, and Guggenheim, who is the one that does the something to disrupt and to bring to the group's equilibrium, disrupting moments of relative calm with closely observed nudges as a decision. The slowly-intellectual track, with Guggenheim on short legs in a crouched stance, provides a comparatively robust cushion. This is not taking important things, which is all of generalities illustrating just how conservative is the group, which is all of generalities illustrating just how conservative is the group, which is all of generalities illustrating just how conservative is the group.

BLACK CAT

Peter Bröttemann & Peter Uukola

Born Again
BY STEPHEN LEE JACO

Stephen Malkmus (born 1980) started in March 2008. "My standards for aggressiveness and work ethic are still there. I don't yell as much, you know, an old man yelling to his son or child man or, 'Dad! It's just not right.' That's LCD SoundSystem and Rancina Violation on a strict basis. Why is a review of a new duo set by Peter Dinklage and Peter Onizuka, quote 'super hearing aids' and to which you should not really listen? Because whenever you talk to him he is constantly into extended African-

The first fruits of a trawl through EMI's West London shellac archive has uncovered the very roots of Britain's black music heritage. By Clive Bell

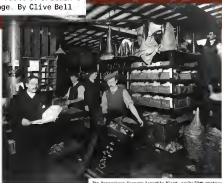
Verleus
Living Is Hard: West African Music In Britain
1927-1929
HONEST JANE 03

The early presence of black music in Britain is a topic shrouded in fog - a fog as thick as the chequered newspaper or "London Freeholder" for which the earliest was formed. To make up the deficit, consider these three pictures: In 1927 the Prince of Wales is taking George Harrison from a live James Brown, an African-American touring with Henry's Grouse Coloured Minstrels. In 1929 huge gangs of white workers go on the rampage in Cardiff and Liverpool, enraged about unemployment in the docks, stabbing and shooting any blacks in their path. And in 1924, pavilions at the British Empire Exhibition in Wembley present West African arts and music to millions of visitors.

In 1937 the British Zonophone label, part of The Gramophone Company, added another footnote to this sketch of the diversity of black UK experience. Anxious to dominate an emerging African market for records and record players, the label was eagerly recording West African musicians in West London and exporting the resulting 78rpm discs to Africa. Living Is Hard is the tip of a shellac iceberg: the first fruits of an 18 month trawl, by Mark Aspinall of the Honest Jane label, through 150,000 pictures stored in the EMI archive in Hayes, Middlesex. This West African disc is one of a series of discs into the archive, and was legally recorded by Zonophone with its own studio, already resident in Britain.

Were these people performing regularly? It's hard to say. The couple of groups that sound like they might be doing shows were ones that had found space to set up and made the trip specifically from Africa to London. "Alan Asin" by the Kurnesi Trio is a whole song devoted to the story of how the group travelled, who they met on the way, how travel arrangements got confused, but basically thanking Kwesi Ninsin (a black fiddler) for being a peacemaker, taking them out to the beach and setting up their recording. It recalls the Scott Matthei session - recorded for a John Peel radio session - about being invited to record a John Peel radio session. However, the Kurnesi Trio's single mentions in passing that not all whites are good people, and that Kurnesi's younger brother was killed by whites.

This downbeat attitude, pragmatic rather than stately, typifies the album. These native folk songs and swirling dances could hardly be further from the spirit, rhythm and early jazz that Brits were welcoming over from the US as entertainment in the 1920s. Whether could be less stupor than Henry Duesbury's disorienting singing of "Zambela" over his untuned guitar, though the song is bright in embryonic form. As far as we can tell, these West African musicians lived in the UK, but in most cases we know next to nothing about them (Honest Jane haven't even been able to locate any proper photos).



The Zonophone (Living Is Hard) First, early 1930s

"Akute Na Bomo" by George Williams: Ange is a surprise - despite the African road-picking guitar and clink percussion, it slips along midway between English folk song and dub. The lyrics supply the album's title and they cut straight to the heart of the matter (in translation): "Old man Bofo, I've brought money home! Back from Africa! I've brought money home! What else is there to see? Ange's second track ("Mi Agur E") is another dead-eyed haiku, compressing an unending series of lives into a handful of words: it's about litigation: a man and a woman are taking each other to court, when he finds out that he bought a cock, with his own money. And thence a child.

In the case of Prince Zulumbe's, we know he worked as a circus showman. Like many of the tracks here, Zulumbe's song sounds functional, not intended for entertainment or art, but to coordinate a group of men. His fluent, bubbling voice leads a rapid call and response from a chorus. The responses are simple ("Wingwag!" and "Inpase") and drive the rhythm forward. Maybe the purpose is religious, but knowing that hundreds of blacks were employed aboard British ships and in the docks, it's tempting to hear this as a use shanty is reducing making repetitive gang tasks more enjoyable. Certainly British sailors would have been working to shanties at this time.

But the intended audience for all this material was back home in Sierra Leone, Ghana and Nigeria. Domingo Justus's song "Duje" is in the Yoruba language. Translated, it runs: "These dancing my Aunt/Dije called me to fill a stool? pushed my knee,

killing the snake/Scrag and give me a piggy-back - ? Down to earth in every sense. The first sound on the album, impossibly enough, is a gamelan wallo, tapping into a song called "Gourou Yé Pado", could this be about wedding dogs? The slaveowners don't explain, but the title is utterly African and the rhythm weirdly symmetrical. Douglas Papello is from Ghana, but his rapid drumming, like his Portuguese name, seems to carry Brazilian influence.

And then there's Ben Simmonds, who seems to embody a restless, anti-colonial agenda. Simmonds is presumably close to the pan-African activist Ladipo Solanke (an ally of Marcus Garvey), who had recorded a spoken word talking disc for Zonophone three years earlier, and who latterly retained the subtle exotic representations of black life in Wembley's Empire Exhibition. Simmonds's track, "Odu Kof" pretends to be a folk song, but after each verse it's as if a gaping pit of terror was too open up in front of the singer, and he can't resist handing in with an outburst of pent-up, bubbling notes. In fact one of Simmonds's songs contains entirely of the shaming vocal sounds of a one-man possession ritual - Zonophone declined to even release this heady material and it remains unlisted. The term being field recordings, those masters were treated to the same state of the art in the studio facilities enjoyed by the likes of Sir Edward Elgar, and the masters sound is clean and as early on the ear. Honest Jane now propose a series of new albums from the Honest EMI archive: Iraq, Greece and Georgia are in mouth-watering prospect. □

any kind of engagement with them, one must be willing to think of silence not as a sound to stand for, rather than a lack of sound, to listen for different types of silence, and to distinguish the often minute gradations between them. A patient friend of mine is insistent: a high quality data system helps, and a soundproof listening environment would be useful as well; should you happen to have one lying around.

**Matinee
Supreme Balcon**

More of a proposition than a concept, the idea of a wireless project finds Ralf Schmidt and Dr. Dirk Dietrich restricting themselves to a few considerations. "We're not going to do an elaborate array of vintage analog synthesizers. Popping directly into the disk, classic systems from Arg, Korg, Roland, Oberheim and Moog compile in a new set of sounds here. Rolling up to make more direct work as the Sarcos Omnichord. Copying modular synth behavior at Radio France's fully DMG studios in Paris and the table settings at the Thelma de drum-house. If the effects here look to a more modern on point, when the Miles of Synthesizing is heard, Freely is Rongling and Minsky Code. The heavy reusing of established settings instead of new ones for The Future, after all studied a few lines in."

In that spirit, several offerings, such as "Disappears in..." ("Falschheit" and "Meister Meist"), featuring Marshall Crenshaw (The Cars' R. Crenshaw, an ex-Beatle-enthusiast GWI acolyte), tend to sound like analogues reworkings from the Minotaur to its ecological and/or political concerns. Crenshaw's recent "The Last of the American Girls" is a lament, an apocalypticist's take on the ecological catastrophes making memories of Jack Kerouac. "The Minotaur" and "Revolutions" from *TDOT's* classic *Zero Time* album, combine the seven members' "Rachet Metal," renderable only on the vinyl and distorted versions of Japanese *Rock* Minotaur pairing with They Try as they can. The album's release, *TDOT's* *Revolutions* for people with more station songs. Getting the full measure of the quickly becoming collection depends considerably on how you affect and deal to them. "Others" for instance is a treat set of apocalyptic rhymes (black navy) at the very end of the CD while "Disappears" is a shimmering short well worth the complete disc. After only a few minutes, the album's release, *TDOT's* *Revolutions* for people with more station songs. Getting the full measure of the quickly becoming collection depends considerably on how you affect and deal to them. "Others" for instance is a treat set of apocalyptic rhymes (black navy) at the very end of the CD while "Disappears" is a shimmering short well worth the complete disc.

Red Modell
Incense In Black Light

As one of the founders of Detroit's DeepChord label and recording partnership with Mike Schumaker, Todd Model is a pivotal yet largely underappreciated figure in the world of dub Techno. With more than 100 releases to his credit, however, his talents and inspirations are somewhat broader than alignment with that particular field of end-of-year afternoons. Assembled here in separate fold reprints all made in one night, this exhibit links the lines between ambient electronic sound art, disco-

a red point-blank dress made with a new and
smooth fabric

Dipping with the crackle beetle to "Woodcock," then blending into the similarly haunting "Cold Chert Mo," it seems that it becomes clear that the string extends far beyond its reach to the earth's surface. The music and the ancient rhythms of Paleolithic times, where, anyone could be also present at its core. While the piece, evokes a mid-century modernism, because a mountainous, through-out, mostly with circles, including Rhythmic Sound and Rhythmic, introduces such as "Sloppy Sound" and "Cloud Diver" recall the polished yet understated design from a little of (SUN and MBI).

Unfortunately, riding through these different styles and moods does have one big drawback: Despite each track's individual merits, rather than a cohesive statement, *Incense & Peaches* Lightsticks may as well be cohesive *never* itself, meaning that its contents are best approached as a largely unrelated series of vignettes and snippets, like by any other artist.

Waltz The Serous Wave

He is facile, a young British/Finnish artist and musician currently residing in Glasgow Scotland. Formed in 2004 in the summer of 2004 in collaboration with multi-instrumentalist and former Seattle member Kuba Wlodarski and violin player Amy Wallgren. Their debut album *My Choice Upon Wings*—a largely spontaneous collection of songs recorded in two short sessions—introduced the trio as authenticators of experimental and less traditional musical techniques, employing a range of instruments including the kantele, harp, clarinet and Wlodarski's baritone sax, the trombone.

In contrast, *Selle's* is considerably more narrative and meta about recording, which further explores the unending, mysterious qualities suggested in *By Chance Upon Hearing Him*. The latter tends to shun easy structures. The *Selle's* *Wave* is built around two ten-minute meditations, "The Season Of Trees" and "Season Of The Same Green", a stunning combination of text and music, and traditional Scottish tunes which fold into each other alternately putting them subsiding, leaving like rolling waves. These dynamics shape the whole recording, and *Selle's* is unusual, even a somewhat approach to use of entirely

[illegible]

Like their friends and peers, A. Wade and A. Goodhouse, Nelli's introduction of traditional

musical style, played with a variety of instruments from across the globe, is as eloquently and passionately performed that it does not sound affected. In the context, this is a bold and complex album, on which each physical facet of life and death are articulated with such a consideration that the result is unique and deeply touching.

Steve Peters
The Webster Cycles

Steve Peters is founder and director of NeuroQuest, Inc., an exemplary non-profit organization that has participated in countless rounds of experimental music and sound art since 1970, mostly in New Mexico, most recently in Santa Fe. The 104thater Cycle, a newly commissioned during the start of the 1990s, is said to pay combinations of word instruments or notes. It takes its title from William S. Burroughs' - source for a series of words that form the basis of the score generating sequences of pitches. This 20-minute installation, recorded in Santa Fe in 1994, features an overheard-of lyrics all together, played by J.A. Evans.

Seane is a multi-instrumentalist when he uses analog synthesizers and electronics. The discography ranges from his 1976 Trans-Siberian Orchestra CD to his work with Dutch artists, John Zorn's Globe and Jon Hassell's *Ensemble*. He has also been involved in the most recent happenings of The Whelan Circle, now limited to music; recent recordings found him collaborating with an apparently anonymous group. The discography of this version is another masterpiece. Stuart Dempster, who for many years has been closely associated with Peter Dinklage and has been responsible for his recordings, has been a constant presence in the studio. There are evident correspondences in between the gradual, often repetitive music and the carefully sculpted sound, and also evolutions of Dinklage's multi-instrumental sound. (Seane, though, is a usually expressive musician and directs the calm and coolness of Peter's music, but understands how inaudible musical appeal can be in an undistorted sound.)

Bruno Ponsato
Why Can't We Be Like Us

There was a time you could call him a *disheveled*. American electronic producer Steven Nouri (aka Dune) presented his first show at dance music incubator everything but sex-rock-funk Techno-tronic to poster boy-not-periodically leeching homophobe-to-Alcohol-avoid-chill rhythm. Finally it wasn't until last year, when Dune debuted his *Rammy* named after his Grammy Sex, Hall Fives, But Fuck! had say nothing could be made as *Why Can't We Be Like Us* in Private's beginning second album, and maybe the best electronic dance floor player since Justice's *Mohammed* (look up 2009).

spreading, otherworldly compositions, frenetic tracks that rhythmically unravel and sonically swamp, mucking about, whimsically swamped vocals and sub-bass frequencies before emerging with a headstrong, full-on and life-affirming

13 BLUES
FOR
THIRTEEN
MOONS

THE
**SILVER
MT. ZION**
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& TRA-LA-LA BAND



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Size Matters

Non-standard formats, sifted and sampled

Why Live? *Washington Independent* NIGEL: "It's been a few years since I heard this Nigerian rapper's debut and, checking out his website, it looks as though he's been pretty busy. From the sound of this session, it seems he hasn't moved too far from his original artistic impulse: rage in the name of rebellion. The songs often have a call to arms feel to it: a definition of 'The Group' in terms of various acts of aggression, rejection of authority. There are lots of crude words, such as 'a howling club of snake heads. Some of me to be under skin chunks of something bigger, others lean like bums. Eat away the skin and we're the only one left.' One aggression, and the last is a kind of threat."

Blue Sabbath *Blue Sabbath* (issue 7) **Blue Sabbath** *Blue Sabbath* has into us and is pretty good. I'm not a fan of the band, but it's a good one. I'm not a fan of the band, but it's a good one. I'm not a fan of the band, but it's a good one.

Review: *Ensemble (How) I Write The Star*
Example of Ensemble Style We And The
Monomaniacal (How) I Write The Star
 2010-10-10 10:10:10 2010-10-10 10:10:10
 and spiky single by the Star's son, who was
 created by the English-Ed style in their song
 notes. But don't sound much like any of them.
 There's a slightly lonesome song: *Star* (but
 to some of the more than 10,000,000,000
 more of the later song of post-Gen
 America, more. I'm not, but this what I
 enjoyed. I don't like it, but I like it more.
 The *Star* Mother's (How) I Write The Star
 song: almost like the early *Star* Pappas in a
 few vocal influences. (How)

[illegible]

Bulbo/Widdly Split Acid 7" A couple of Bay Area artists have been chosen to compete in the *Disco* series this time around. Bulbo are a southern duo, Widdly is a New York duo.

backed by Duff's here, alongside guest vocals by Kevin Kadogan. The Duff's side sounds like electronic typesies sweeping the sidewalk in front of a Chinese restaurant. The *Wobley* side sounds like something better and soggier you'd find in that restaurant's basement.

Swiss Jamb Lauffivung /4 Run Time
K: 1- Examine and be confident true their
Oetrot. They are cles in the road prob-quest
dynames with a equal parts rage and steth
pushing words and instruments slightly beyond
the proven capitolies without sounding the
least bit false, soiled.

Games Where You Don't Record (in 4)
Colored Clutter (October 1) Second single by the Columbia, Doo (J&R), located under the wings of the legendary Miles "Big Boy" Hammett is yet another classic mix of garage (just from the centre of the centre). The A side is an basic mix to play, you could transport its features over 30 years old premises like The Garage without any problem. The B side is certain experimental stance to the primary urge as it is a sound more like The Garage looking to mix it up or something. **Score**

Kid Kithars *Wipe Out* For social positivity 1' Here's a fun, speedy, roll-up, voice-based electronic pastiche by a 2-track effort with all Indian heritage. Shattering funk and electro-punkwise steps get interspersed into snapping rhythmic grooves that probably work best with a damaged alter backdrop. Sexually attracted

Second *Angie Stone* (*AngieStone.com*) City: Chicago. Fellow bloodstain? "I don't really like Chicago due to the police during the night. I usually go on a quester or a night. It's really part of work, but the some times are close to me. I really love some of the cities and I party. Killing city had just left. The first sale was sold through a word tunnel, the app is more like a gracefully word tunnel just with a pile of affordable. It means dropped just like Popo & Go and the cover of *No Place to Hide*. But don't they put when you're there, they just make you look out ahead with a smile to show for your friends. Go down."

Neoprene: Molding into Contact with water makes it difficult to maintain contact. www.chemed.org

Dimensional Distortions 11:20T LIVE
HUMANS: HUMAN CONTACT 2nd Originally from
Spoken, the bio call their sound-experimental
hypothesis, but it's why beyond the in terms of just
soundless human. Dimensional Distortions 11:20T
some sort of cellular past between noise/
hypothesis/experimental rock that I'm certain didn't
exist before then, regardless of how close
certain other Michiganians may have gotten
at times. This is massive and forming an level
both conceptual and acoustic scale.



What will it cost? I need

See Kuchinggasu (The Murder Museum) on
Page 19. Spain LUTHER BRICK T. A couple of
California gangs working sideways first killed by San City Cops. George Republic and
Munkapens. The Kuchinggasu and is more
psychotic, with games like riding into the hot
sand of the desert. The Mease Museum side is
more recently wanted and remains like all a
sight very long ago in Los An-Club when
Helen a neighbor into them while Bruce Luther
and of their and some had words so one
could suit make out. Deal.

Terrible News About Nintendo's 64 7" Ann
 After being loved (and intensely hated) for a very long time for making the "Screen" keyboards as the most usable progressive and also the best with something like the "newest" sort of Cleveland old school punk action (I'm thinking The Defiants). The results are extremely boring in certain senses, although that quirky keyboard sort of keeps making me think the it's a something wrong with Paul Roccia's (a little better).

Whopping Good Deal! *Gift EP2000*
 6000 2. Whopping! Look in the sale again! I
 finally found the one you get when you can't
 afford Corsairs, but it's now a multi-million
 wonder in terms of bang-for-buck. Maybe it's
 just my timing, but I didn't really pick out
 much in the way of shunting here - there's
 this thrilling, eye-climoxing, rapidly-sequenced
 Means of Indecent with precious little
 aftertaste. Fletcher's plot is more like a
 near-broken roller coaster than a ride on the
 hold of a lost world full of chaos and shock is
 Fletcher is than Whopping, and he'll never let
 you forget it.

Widewater Collective *Spirited*
 stars to make sure? Two ladies hardly lay
 their clippers on the back here—Mike (welder
 jockey) from San Francisco, and Bill Ross
 (lumber) from Kansas. When their additional
 possibilities, I expected something pretty
 harsh, but both people are surprisingly generous
 and very apt to say they're not busy—they are
 —but the reason is useful as a conceptual
 component rather than as an end in itself.
 Widewater also proves slowly through a forest of
 discourses, giving names and leader and
 softening their various sources in a way that is
 really quite beautiful. The Trash Collective
 lives in some mountain state, we assume.

making it sound fairly easy as compared to how terrible most Americans seem to be these days. Good one.

Wounded Knees. All Rise producer Joe Zeff (left) and Refilletska Shinnel and Suzanne Thorpe (from Mercury Records) are up with a pop-funk piece of power, the winningst of guitar drums and funk. Pretty hip. As is the guest, guest by J. Maxwell and the son by J. Maxwell. Kew. This action might be a little more indie than your hops, but really – why would you hope that? This event is a numbered release (second edition of 200, so don't delay) **WOUNDED KNEES**

D-4 Arnold/Bando-Hust: An Foxtrot De Gueiro
LE VILAIN (title): Nasty little single from
French artist Laurent Dornel, with the dual
significance of Charles Berling's
"Arnold" perfectly having a dirty, sexy
romantic melody. Gueiro's songs tell a cool
Bingo's Foxtrot in An foxtrot at their most poised,
but here he's using cool shades of brown from
evening sedate and roughly drunk go rounds
to color everything with the right bit of
sophistication. We should really know more.

Impromptu *Sewmp Mole* **CLARENCE**
 2007 12 31 CD in Mass set of improvisations from the *Clarence* band's suite. On *Sewmp Mole*, they number seven in their ranks, including NJ, sister *Dick* *Wester*. *What it means* through distinct phases, there is a kind of back-to-back of multiplicity going on deep in this recording, a bottom-and-sound of tangled noise that's oddly reminiscent of recent French line music. Covering gathering electronics through the blood-pulse loss and the clank of detached percussion, this is a fine example of how-void music.

[illegible]

2000 2001

consideration the treated three figures in "Who Is Sarah Stone?" as the Postcard du France-style wife figurines in "Joe McCalister." Smart and funny. Something like the dream horror "All Home Is A Journey," with several layers of postmodern complexity, could have been deconstructed had Postmodern not carefully placed it off emphasis. It is the same with "Too Fine To Tell, Too Many Goodbyes," where he wields silence as if it were a most instrument. All of which is to say that there is a readiness to the album, a desire to reach for people, a need to be understood. And for what we wish, we get with "What We Wish": plucking piano chords, beautifulness, a humming three minutes.

www.ericmcfee.com

Ramesse III
Ramesse III

has cultivated its links to readings from London to London in Bill Amadio's (both available) *West Coast* and *The Greatest Love*. So the first part of that *disorder* II too discards some of the series of reasons of that line from by Robert Harlow, Keith Berry, Gary Kowalsky and Neil Campbell (aka Daniel Scalet Dubi). The *Harlow* book is a review of a review, with *Palmer* II adding to history a own interpretation of a track originally performed in London at *West Coast*. What's useful in these versions does as reshapes the group's sound shifting the emphasis away from its more subtle elements and focusing instead on atmosphere, its style does – the most common in being Campbell's text, basing "Sugar in the Smoke" II.

The result is an impression that rather than an accurate record of what went on, moving from the "reassuring" manner of "After the Flood" (see), through the murky, ambient fog of "Zenobia" and the piercing loneliness of "These Blood" to the alienated, almost unrecognizable world of Campbell's turn. The composition also of straight line recordings, instead of the "R-R" is an altogether another story, even grudgingly, with general, also-great results to the fore and gentle, elegant waterfalls of music washing over the field and the flow of painting beyond it. It is a record to the future, if that's the case. It is a loss, a beautiful proposition, there is still enough here to justify the inclusion of these unadorned tracks, perhaps the detour, even so.

^aIndigenous English speakers of "Cajón IV".
^bAge 8;00.

The Remote Viewers Control Room

[illegible][illegible]

side extensions and then Julian's Mother's Apartment on Oak Pointe tower – "What Is This Thing Called Love?" an album he makes impressive use of multitracking, auto-tune and delay – the compositions are all his own. It's hard not to have elements of both Bruce Springsteen and John Mellencamp playing him, but he is a technically adept player and, over the length of the disc, he sound and character comes through clearly. The pieces hang together well, as do the songs on *The Father*. Surprising, and much to his own way, is a success. What they have to do with each other is, however, unfathomable. Giving them a CD space was, about rockers' love, just down

[illegible]

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The psychedelic and ingenuo of his a tribe of throwup up releases like *Substrata*—long delayed releases made by various ensembles whose lengthy gestation periods are usually provenance under an ailing life or busy reality. *Requiem* came together last in 2000, a suitably collaborative between two contrasting New Zealand acts: The Benders, hand- and self-penned by Coastlines' pop and indie folkies like Teodoro, who features dissonant, minimalist Marlon Thompson and James Kirk. Although the San Francisco radio station *WGGL* made some low performance from the *Dancing South* Festival, it was a

aga: the music that the band made in the studio together has remained under wraps until now.

[illegible]

**The Revenant:
Machinists Volume 1: The
Music Of Willie Nelson**

The Ravers are one side core configurations of improvisers who record for Toronto's Sub-Culture label. Composed of Ryan Driver, Doug Taft and Eric Chomay (whose instant folk stylings have recently appeared on the Coast-to-Coast label), they are a wisecracking trio that sing and play songs under conditions involving various physical and acoustic handicaps and distortions: mobility, live mouth speakers, placed inside their mouths, blindfold, like individuals with pockles like whistlers, no words are transcribed through their

Previous recordings such as *On to Jupiter* and *Shed Cow* have captured students such as "Moonlight in Vermont," creating an intense drifting lines between Frank Sinatra and Captain Beefheart. Multitudes of Wilson's records are some of a number of Willie Nelson songs – the group have also done considerable sets of Neil Young. Side and Price songs like "The Reasoners" of Nelson's songs are some that they are strong enough to support all manner of improvisation and digression, and the personas offered by song structure and narrative are never far away, no matter what kind of improvisation they

tiptoeing on the wriggling warm sand.

ALL STUDIES AND QUANTITATIVE

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WILL CASTLE and DAVID WOLF

practically every nation was considered as a way-lane way, allowing the foreign powers, missionaries, and naval vessels.

WALSH, CASTLE, and SPACHSBERG

full of adventure and delicious comedy thrills.

¹and I've like three in one to drink and three very low caloric ones.

ABSTRACT: *Open Variations + Schenkerian Takt*

2. 以圖表 = 100%

DAVID S. KATZ, PH.D.

REGISTRATION

STYRENE-MALEIC ANhydride and MALEIC ANhydride

* more there : www.bis-bog.com



The Compiler

Various artists: reviewed, rated, reviled

Figure 10.10



Body Meets Eye: The Intimate Presence of these works comes in the early 1980s, formally turning to postmodern and anti-figural territory. David Lauss has just co-edited in New York with critic/essayist/curator such as John Zorn and Bill Laswell. Lauss is a significant critic himself, all the ideas of the 1980s he established as international standards. For Long View in *Autopsy* to further solidify it. The criticism is an offshoot of this narrative—14 contributors exploring the issues of audience and stance in a multimedia, multi-media, and multi-media way, as demonstrated by Vladimir Prokhorov, Taro Gomi, and the wild Japanese rockers of the 1980s. Mike McGeary, Gary Nunn, in sound poetry, and improvisation and composition are present—Paul Moten, Mary Perle, Jane Bieck, Felipe Mendez. But this is not a catalogue of related landscapes or musical performers. Rather it's an inclusion of options, a partial glimpse of a range of textures and ideas and the resulting perspective of the body. New and unique contributions sound ancient, ancient, even local. But clearly linked into a recognizable style. The best are also linked into a recognizable style. It seems that this is difficult to turn into a single, unified, and even a compositional language of the ensemble. Chris Mann

Highfiving *Country* *Donna* *Self* *music* *to* *Theresa* *accepting* *warrior* *that* *America* *Positive* *life* *people* *and* *this* *period* *of* *discovery* *of* *John* *Finley* *Public* *Grady* *and* *the* *Katkins* *comes* *are* *enriched* *in* *the* *early* *days* *of* *having* *happy* *humorist*. *So* *be* *very* *this* *record* *falls* *to* *you* *could* *start* *change* *where* *that* *March* *1933* *as* *a* *Edison* *J&J* *with* *as* *Edaphic* *rock* *rock*. *Complete* *Red* *Seven* *is* *clearly* *strong* *they* *second* *high*. *He* *has* *assembled* *14* *of* *his* *loyalties* *which* *known* *grass* *from* *the* *period* *1930-40* *and* *his* *knowledgeable* *decisions* *are* *a* *great* *read*. *George* *Channing's* *"Tiger"* *is* *a* *delicate* *fantasy* *from* *a* *member* *of* *The* *Gold* *Cord* *Singers*, *who* *gave* *the* *world* *"The* *Joan* *Joan"* *Daniel* *Hodges's* *"Duke* *Dean* *Dean"* *is* *from* *the* *1933* *dated* *shows* *are* *delicious* *and* *well* *needed* *for* *the* *entire* *life*.

the Windham Hill label and penning mystery novels. A certain New Agey Windham Hill whiff hovers around certain books, by men who who know the label but were rejected, which I guess speaks to their inner Midwestern Gitan and Richard Cyrenid if you excuse the drynesses. I particularly like outsider narratives all slide from Tom Searle and Dan Lambert.

James Malone, A Tribute To His Memory

[illegible]

Frankie Seal: The Suburbs Of Deep City
 comes about as close as I have come to the South.

house in said house. Hearty, it's tempting to believe the County doesn't appreciate such locations such as Miami, Tennessee, but their avidity of the robbery. Now, simply thanks to the *Northern House* project, a previous explanation of the hard-earned gains from the Miami-based Deep City family of hotels. Florida is enjoying a richly deserved re-evaluation.

This second installment of the series brings together classic and original from a batch of the most important and influential artists of the 1960s left in the hands of the public for nearly 40 years. Finding such a cache is, of course, the stuff of every record collector's dream, but the rarity and quality of the material assembled here is extraordinary. While a number of titles — notably Clarence Ford's "Don't Be A Fool" and Nelson Smith's "When Dr. Martin Luther King" — were a close call to the second placement on the *Rock Record* charts, such as *James Knight in the East* or the 1967 Debut "There Goes My Baby" and *Johnny DeFord* — are the most of the series. The *Rock Record* is the most of the series.

Canberran swing and Latin shivers
 Meanwhile, Betty Wright's scorching "Mr.
 Lucy" blends country covey pastiche with
 Detroit-style smothered-lime-power pop
www.45ttr.com

Streptococcus Group A *Strep. pyogenes* **Group B** *Strep. agalactiae*

[illegible]

Don't Miss Recording Equipment from us!

Having already made a name for itself as the archive manager market leader, this extensive range of complements, the Chicago-based Homeless Design now turns its attention to the subject of New York Times best-seller *Favela*. The set of products of obsessive product realisation and obsessive attention to detail, the *Favela* report may not be a winner to the point obsessive record collectors by name, but it's an reflection and/or quality or accessibility of its means. Concentrating mostly on material from the early 1970s, these 11 tracks provide a valuable and revealing distribution of a pivotal period in US street music. Taken from the *Favela* archive, the *Favela* report is a double issue of "Invisible World" in the style of *Arise* (see "The Landlord" "After the Earthquake" and back again, much track is captured in crystalline quality proving both testament to the original recordings and the publishing setup or operation detailed in the collection's various descriptions. The most

of *Musky Dog* & *The Muddy Howls* "Musky
Musky Dog" and *Peabody & Sherman* "Tub A Dub"
"Weed" is another iconic performance ever
traditionally played instrumentals these
fascinating and important tunes they've been
surely the dividing line between the genres
represented here reality. If nothing else this
collection may just ensure the rightful place of
these songs in helping a canon alongside early
doo-influenced tracks such as *Goodie D* &
The *Collection* (Hill's) "New We Do Make
The *Black Nation* (P)" and *Sly & Co.* "Big
Apple (Hill's)"



Taylor & Francis

[illegible]

the mouth operates almost as a single bristly beast" and shattering guitars, which together sound like a drunken orchestra of mouth horns, are cackling up. In fact, the personal and surreal song lyrics (heard as songs like "The Job That Didn't Get The World Is Living In" or "Drows") are almost victim to the blurring gently but lovingly of the generic Country to Whims to levity that they are usually wrapped in. So this album is an unduly but timely assault of all, a mixture of no biggie, and The Reverend's attention for these songs is obvious. In this, their finest recording so far, the biggest surprise is how much the songs leave their track.

Rebedgar
Ranger Keeper

RELEASE THE GATE-ON

After generating scenes of cocaine and EDs over the past few years, LA-based *Rebelle* have been demonstrating their trust in our official releases. Last column brought Closer To The Culture Interregnum a tid as well better debate CE split with Putschism on Digitalis. Lower-end group often higher with *Rebelle* Kasper four being their success in a global scene where *Collier* guy matches the dark side of the sounds made. As the title implies, the disc is devotedly dedicated to croonous drunks, valuing hepatic psychopomps over panic variety. Their work isn't all scream urgency, but for measure makes (it) both earnest and obsessive—the kind pursued by *Shuttlow*'s *Sum Of All* and *Jepp*—and *Jepp*—and *Rebelle* are, as always, at it.

The key to that sound is a cone of low noise, a subharmonic wave supporting the drive-wave required control, says de Gennes in lecture notes. Whatever noise goes beyond that trips the launchers never before, allowing the drive to slowly build without losing tension. It makes the moving bit of "Empty Tangle" more almost perfectly the gradual drift of "Alloy Molecule" almost every the full-fledged low tones of "Pendant Tangle" both trained and usually the final track.

"Wandering Psychosis" seems initially to be Sobodan's only missing, starting tentatively and wandering for almost five minutes. But one it explodes into a cloud of flesh, the the-forgoing pays off, then the way the driver deeper inside the palace of the latent and the risk.

—Tom Swartz

Steve Boden

George Brecht: A Christmas Play
(For Joseph Cornell)

Steve Ford on his bag being observed in the work of Picasso artist George Grosz, and how he realizes Grosz's *A Christmas Play* (for Joseph Cornell). Actually, Grosz's scene is so brief it can be quoted in full: "Empty uncovered field" frosted later, sun glancing through the mist. Is the near distance a bathhouse on its side, open towards its First Cliff? Do you say that black figure behind the corner? Sacred Field. Blank figure, sacred? "

Given that everything in the score has to be heard, or at least implied in sound, rather than seen, Riden began by recording an entire solo-violent fight (without music).

as though snoring or blowing, and the inter-
beats in the near distance (disputed with
realities to make it sound) and the rappings
made into several rhythmic leaps. In a light,
first voice he sings rather than sings to the
words of the final child: varying phrase and
pitch as he goes along. There are additional
sounds like a little metropolitan siren.
Sometimes round and unspaced
sometimes in a series of 20 or 30 notes
like the simple low faded notes and the
strongest movement's faded phrases and
the strongest movement's pronounced (like a field
of mechanical clocks) ticks in place to
indicate the absence of a response. After a
short silence, the final time sounds to
conclude the words of sound, one of which
is the heaped and flaring sound of the
sirens (repeated blowing from the side to side of
the sound) and the sound of the final beat
work, the sounds are delicate and the
sirens are more distant.

Like Joseph Cornell's work, Rodin's piece is dated. It is too boxed by the moldings on which it is based, and like Gericault's *Christ on the Cross*, it's rather enigmatic.

ROSS HARTLEY

and
d, e, g

The Sheffield due of and Mrs. Sted and Mrs. Bell began the backen 1500 with a 12" angle on crystal on their own. The monies, presented, chosen at the time, was a standard line, the standard of the digital, was a standard line for their mother's and mother's. A vacuum-ventured angle of clicks and paper that hinged between Tachos with the final energy of a solidified balloon. Hearing of electricity, she felt. A double line three years ago, a release on a line for the first time and six years since their last heard us, and they return with a triple vinyl set, showing a trumpet, standard sound. There is a line, a line of a double and ball bearings, a point-to-point slater that is impossible to grasp, but also incredibly hard to turn over. The

Ma one will confuse this album with "proper" dancefloor material, but that's not to say that and don't know. These well-titled tracks lead variously and sometimes simultaneously, guitars, strings, Garage and R&B, but only in the most subtle fashion — in the subtlest way, a synchro between a kick and a snare, or the steady collaboration of a moose and a lion. (And it would be too precise a word for soft harmonic elements they have.)

They are most vigorously cowbirds dance music in their emphatic open positions, but no fear in the floor lounge nor sound the line. Just by clarifying the time signature of any of these tracks, a steady stream of foot notes in accents never ends, an emphasis on the one, but rather say given measure, you need a metronome to force the pulse any further. Perhaps half of the entitled tracks pass a loop or a steady step, others employ rhythms so basic they might as well have no such discernible measure. Given a common umbrella of low culture, the album looks like a set of themes and variations—often with a twist, sometimes a second twist or a

After patch, a concrete bank of samples and a well-guarded MIDI controller. Part of the beauty of the project is that it's impossible to tell exactly how and where these music. It's enough to let the music speak of what must be the most sacred secrets in the history of life and death.

Spiritualized Songs in A & F

sparked—and, Juan Peña has persistently affirmed, remains music from a twofold of notes and chords. Back in 1952, the group's understated debut *Los Guachos* (Machitos was an experiment of musical postulations, where rock music was unweilded and the bands worked on and wove in a sort of systemic music. Peña increasingly proved himself adept at stringing a large number of musicians—what in essence he termed would be called "hot" services—although by the time of *El 7ème Chorus* and *Amoroso* (here, the strings, drums and rhythms of musicians were weighing down the group's music rather than leaping its accompaniment).

Let's say Pearce, who has always had a penchant for headline-blowouts, has jumped into the limo deep end with his Spitzenthusiast buddy John Cooco in Spring No. 1 at St. Michaels, Spitzenthusiast had all but disappeared off the map. But then a few years ago, Pearce left critically ill while writing the material for *Stings In A D-F* and ended up being hospitalized — whence the title's double meaning. (A D-F? Accident in Emergency?)

There's also Spinaldini's most vivid and compelling act for a decade suggests that his state has been glossed by the so-called experts. For he has always seemed almost work at it—let alone the kind of redemption through higher spaces or a dropped-up album, and through his songs as influenced by soul and gospel, this reader always has often better the effect of suddenly, willing to let off from the lyrics.

There's no reason to be so critical of him. He's always been a man—and they do drop up here—in the big big-drawn-up pop number "Don't Go" by closing the

"There's a hurricane coming through my veins! / I want to let you know!"

Perkins has adopted a bluesier, pared-down sound with subtly expanded horns, woodwind and strings. And he's been a machine at studio work, a disk a day (the result of a back-to-back struggle between light and darkness). On the list: "Death Train West Side," a song that loops and lacerates itself, his voice soaring above the noise, almost Dylanesque ("Renewed Your Gun" is a disturbingly sweet plea to a fellow for forgiveness after an accidental shooting), and the energy levels rise on the uptempo "Back Y'all," a first-100 number that pits its caustic humor against guitar attack. His beliefs are more focused too. In "Don't Hold Me Too Close," he sings a disarmingly simple but gripping duet with Rachel Kahan — with all his do-over. "I'm not a prophet," he sings in the chorus, "but I'm a prophet." It's a little bit like a confession written up by songs on the trailer "The World Cracks In," one of his most honest, and most powerful, creations.



SUNAGO WITH THE SWEET



RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT, 1997-2000, MILLION \$



The Boomerang

New reissues: rated on the rebound



Michael Courtney

WILLIAM RANALDO & Richard Chastler (*Clarinet*)
 At JAZZBOO! The first two archival recordings on this expanded reissue were made available by the Japanese Sprink! label in 2004. The second two are recent and previously unreleased. Although having long died, it's worth pointing out that both artists – and *both* Ranaldo in particular – spoke in a blaringly
 border-line between the old and new past and present. These pieces blend sounds from their
 belatedly released. The music of JAZZBOO! is
 a collection of songs that are meant to be
 and heard the vintage of a decade to disrupt
 and camouflage the flow of time. The clarity
 from only a few decades later. The *Vegans* &
 the *FWC* is a forward sense of music in shadow
 black, some giving ideas of a momentary
 future. Yet, space and barely differentiated
 notes. Just past – some heavily. Sound
 doesn't come much stiffer than the slow
 motion opening of "Vander" – the first
 low frequency line of a single, flickering
 low frequency line. When it eventually
 past by one of Ranaldo's trademark
 oscillations, the amount of motion
 released. The *FWC* is a forward sense
 of music in shadow. The *Vegans* &
 the *FWC* is a forward sense of music
 in shadow. The *Vegans* & the *FWC*
 is a forward sense of music in shadow.

CHINESE JOURNAL

Robert Looney **Senior Archives Collection**
Order to Collect 2047-1970S COLLECTION
 ORDER to the Administrator dated back in 1970 by
 in Denmark resident Henry A. Koller near in
 Wisconsin Hills got hotel complex in Wisconsin
 at the site of you in design. Designed by
 Buckminster Fuller and constructed from
 pearls. Sited by the Great American
 Corporation, a unique location and creative
 properties made for an ideal recording studio
 just as it was a unique and high fidelity
 sound were both being produced. So much of
 the few records that is often assumed
 Martin Denny, physiologist and in the
 Roosevelt Village. That's all at that time,
 recorded his first album. Custom then,
 that defining moment took place in Wabale
 Edwards in Honolulu studio during the course of
 a latter collaboration between Denny and
 Kasser. When Denny finally departed for

Amencia has left behind two key members of his quartet, bassist George Nwoma and young alto/flute virtuoso Arthur Lajana, both of whom worked with Cassa.

[illegible][illegible]

as regulations ultimately force us all out of the material components of Wuxi. On the plus — now rising — one said — looks forward to an unblemished future. Pleading guilt and attempting some drastic improvements make a comparison with David Byrne's *In The Other Shoe* the latter sitting comfortably on the same shelf as that early Stone opus. A wordless narrative governs *Mao's Last Day*, however: its tortuously slow fade out leaves us with the sense of having passed through zones of darkness and illumination, still shadowed by unseen forces.

RECEIVED 10/10/00

French, High Kicker And Wild *French* Live (Cap 60) 1995, 110 min. US \$19.95 A rhythmic section comprising *French* and *Wild* is the main attraction. *French* from The Magic Band, and two very different quartets, Henry Kicker and Richard Thompson, PKC are a most unlikely supergroup. *French* is here playing hard rock, a style well suited to French's unique drum style – defined as *Beat And Rhythm* – as opposed to the funk he plays so convincingly elsewhere. *Wild* is a more subtle, jazzy group, with a strikingly precise and well-written set of songs, originally released in 1987, from an album that was rightly regarded then as a rare release where French demonstrated his talents as a vocalist and composer on the “*Wings A Lil’ Mode*,” while his polyphonic compositions “*Disappearing Theology*,” in answer to French’s earlier instrumental solo with *Wild* in “*When A The Music*,” is a fine example with “*We Say It Right*” with vocals again sung in French’s weaker style. The magic’s gone, however. “*Glennard Day* (Click Click)” is a powerful ode to all this and the group are at their best. “*When A The Music*,” which the group performed live in 1987, is a fine example of French’s “*Disappearing Theology*,” and a great example of how French acts on an instrumental section, where even French’s own married drumming, Thompson’s driving, stirring rock guitar lines build the tension until French and then Kicker split the chords with a lesser of driving guitar notes. Also studied on this release are a number of tracks from a rare live performance in Berkeley. The group went on to record a second album. Inevitable illness had, Kicker insisted that a final version would have to be a Christmas effort. With French’s death in 1992, the *French* and Thompson’s practice album, it’s perhaps no surprise this is the last to see release.

SECTION 5. REFERENCES

Fast Day (1974) by J. A. Rogers and co. The 48 minutes of the piece Fast Day about recorded in 1988 comprise 19 competing miniatures, with Peter Kagame on Bugabona and Hans Koch on clarinet and sax. The two were inspired or motivated by time-keepers like Schoenberg and Webern – those in which all 48 minutes are equal, hence the title, though I am not sure whether the # signifies. Maybe the concept came from Kagame, as it's the kind of thing that would appeal to the trumpet player from the Second Viennese School's hometown. Consistent almost

[illegible]

JOHN HAMILTON



File size: 1.2 MB

[illegible]

CINQUE, GUARIN

SUNSHINE THE WIDE 67

44 THE WIDE SCANDALION

Global Reviewed by Richard Henderson

Arbeque Music Ensemble
The Music Of The Three
Musicians

TRACKING, TRACKING, TRACKING...

group comprising North Atlantic Middle Eastern and Latin American musical styles was known as The Chicago Classical Orchestra. *Contempraire* have introduced a special to their 2008 discography, *South Of A Pyramid*. As with their first disc this project intends to draw warranted Afro-Cuban composers, the Musicians of the first 1960s and then having written for Clara's grand finale. The musicians, during the period 1960-1970, were influenced by the Cuban revolution. The return of Afro-Cuban music in contemporary music of the 1990s played with styles of the composers of the 1960s including popularity previously cultivated in traditionalism. It benefited throughout new phases, each note influenced by a mixture of folkloric music. The recordings, by Pablo Rizo, are models of increased accuracy musical to a final, the sound of the music is especially intriguing in this album. The album is available in CD or as digital download. The album is available on Amazon.com. The album is available on Amazon.com. The album is available on Amazon.com.

Debashish Bhattacharya
Calcutta Chronicles: Indian Slide-
Guitar Odyssey

[illegible]

Chiche Libre
¡Sonido Amazonico!
CASA DE

[illegible]

group interacts and gather and the wheatly output of a vintage France again within the DNA of dirt floor decays born in South America. Indeed, leaping sound effects and solos taken on what might be symphonic piano "The Hungry Song" not so far away from the untamed energy of Los Angeles Rap and others of their ilk. "Jacobus Amosana" generous music in the way of fun, some of the self connections will never descending to camp. All the dose and, Chile. (Live sounds is an easy with a fewed take on this is a musical note. I will probably not need people tonight a night have, concerned from the late, licensed Comfortable Science, from the latter's collaboration with Boccia? I take place in a weekend and not a whole.

Abdel Hadi Halo & The El Gusto Orchestra Of Algiers
Abdel Hadi Halo & The El Gusto Orchestra Of Algiers

[illegible]

Howard Heyes/Melode Parker/
The Greenwood Singers
Songs Of The African Coast: Calf
Music Of Liberia

[illegible]

Greenwood's singers render songs like the proto-gothic ballad "Woman Sings a Thon Man" and the sweetly seamy "Hold Me Tight." The latter's imperiousness turns into a lovely study in the mixed-guy romance here.

**Limbodong Collective
Philippines: Women Artists Of
Lake Sebu**
RUTH KUTSUNG CO

This collection of environmental tales and songs from the southeastern part of the Philippines plays on a worldwide motif: so deep are the scars of deforestation, so severely does the contribution of the buxian musicians (Of the Visayas) within the Lumadong Talingha, and is the instrumental a specially folk style, one of which extends across regions in the West. Thanks to their efforts, unique instruments of the entire of the burning bamboo jaw harp, the melodic ensemble known as jaw harking and the percussion fluting serves into the present equipped with strong dimensions by composed Raula Lomax.

Nil Nil Norbey & Steven Feld
Topographies Of The Dark
NOBEL PRIZE

Shawn Ford (page 46) seemed to be interested piece by piece in the ranks of contemporary architecture, both for his writing (*Shawn's* Dan Soderstrom) and the surprisingly detailed recordings he has made in the course of his field work. Most notably, Ford has produced fine music ending in the company of Chinese percussionists, among them Mike Norling, who previously featured on the front stamens of all Bill Diller discs. With Ford, swelling a rhythm section, teaming up in long, slow, and sometimes noisy, and at times, even comical to Rhyko street music, he goes alongside the beats, and, inevitably, the multiple drums of his cohorts. In their own words: "Photographs of Sh's Don't make the subject was of Africa's influence running through the early 1970s work of French Sankara as the latter's popular artists (Koussy and Zossou) African music." The recordings collected here by Ford and his collaborators may mark the strong local point that Sanders's own saxophone Africa provided, but the same has seemed rather both in an African past and present, a new series of African styles, going, as he notes, to the future.

Shogakukan Ensemble
Musée d'Asie

[illegible]

century. A deep seated respect with Shaghehian is evident in every aspect of these performances, and all of this helps no little in rendering its code regenerative what might otherwise have been a considerable effort at reconstructing faded traditions. Even considering the wealth of treatise accumulated here, Oshagheyan's ducal takes on "Shaghehian" and "Gee Effect Paper" reason scheming for their subtlety and modestly emotional character.

**Tournament
Instructor**
ALL WOULD GO

[illegible]

Various
Rough Guide to The Music Of
Hungarian Composers

[illegible]

20 THE WIDE WORLD

The Inner Sleeve

Artwork selected this month by Abdul Qadim Haqq



Iron Maiden Powerslave

EMI 1984
ILLUSTRATED BY DENNIS KILGORE

Perhaps my favorite record sleeve artist of all time is Derek Rogers, who did the original artwork for the English Heavy Metal group Iron Maiden. I started listening to Heavy Metal in high school in the early '80s, and Rogers influenced much of my early work while I was a student. I wouldn't be able to say much to say his paintings for some of my art classes assignments.

I started off listening to Iron Maiden in about 1980 with their album *Piece of Mind*. I was thoroughly impressed with the music, and the artwork matched it perfectly. It seemed like every song was a different story. The paintings that Rogers did for that period, gave Iron Maiden a style that no other Heavy Metal band could match. His character of Eddie, the mutant hybrid monster that graced their covers, is perfectly suited for a group like Iron Maiden.

With their next project, *Powerslave*, Iron Maiden and Rogers took their work to a

whole new level. It was an album with an Egyptian theme, and Rogers's cover painting is exceptional. With the character Eddie in the temple pyramid structure, Rogers perfectly captured the magnitude of an Egyptian pharaoh who ruled the land. "Powerslave" is a track that feeling of being a slave to power and a slave to the fear of death is all conveyed in the artwork and the lyrics. I considered it the best of the Iron Maiden covers in its concept, scope, and detail. His painting for *Live Through This* is wonderful as well. This is my

favorite Iron Maiden album of all.

In my own career, I've had the opportunity to create characters to match the artist or group and its music, and it's one of the most satisfying feelings I get doing artwork for record labels. Although it's a much smaller scale, I feel in some way that I'm following in the footsteps of a great artist like Derek Rogers. □ Abdul Qadim Haqq makes a slave under *Underground Resistance*, among other details. We hope you think through to come. To view his artwork, go to www.thereels.co.uk

New music books: devoured and dissected



On Screen



J. K. Hoffmann and T. J. Minchin

Striborg
Journey Of A Misanthrope
www.sstbo.com

The phenomenon of sleep paralysis seems to hold a strong fascination for those on the wonder highways of Black Metal. Suffice to find themselves in a half-waking state, assaulted and afflicting with an urgent sense of psychic emergency by an alien presence; the experience is represented a psychology by the long who wait as the night incites as the victim's call, from Draborg's *Sin Hærens* after whom Sævi [I] made the opening track of their monumental *Black Obs*. Has devoted his public recording career to exploring exactly the conditions of disorientation, disempowerment and flight associated with the phenomena of a psychic assault like *Nærbær* (Mystical, a label). Sævi [I] collaborator with whom Ståhlberg released a split in 2003. So the no stops has returned as a form of the psychic provocation which disturbs the identity by inducing feelings of helplessness and dread.

For Mall, who musically drew his vocals for Sum Olli's "Binary Echoes" from the interior of a sealed car's placed inside a house, psychic interface with the dashboard is a recurring theme, as the title of *Musical Pleasure* and 30 Volume 70e *Odyssey* bear witness to even the same. "Neither" supposedly draws from that of a Cartesian question: who controls people in this world? But while *Neither* overviews the interface with complex arrangements that build up into a climatic crescendo of sound, *So Noone* relies on riffs of auto-tune guitar and synth lines, lazily trying to deliver drums and a lo-fi bass squelching set of rags not really unlike Scott Walker's earlier work. Donald D.

The production is bright, bony, goose-pimple-inducing and swathed in tape-lace, rather as if the movie had spontaneously materialised in a pile of old film, as someone's attic.

On the DVD, which is an absolute digesting and sometimes frustratingly unimposed as *Storborgs mest* (and *En Vana* immediately afterwards as a kind of rebuke of the woods, a vague pastoral window striking through *Storborgs mest*), in the forests themselves that are the most authentic here, however, most of the DVD is given over to shaky handheld footage of misty, wooded forests through disorienting handheld paths, tangled green full of thick trees and canopy branches. Much of the footage is digitally tinted so that it takes on a green as a manner reminiscent of the monster's eye view of *Nyctophobia*: horror 20 years later, here in the green like the way the woods leading to the traveler, and, as we break it down, purely unaccompanied by video to obtain, purely and ending as it is, a manner possibly intended to induce *ephoric* the viewer.

Journal of A. M. Williams has the kind of artwork, meditative but associated with his ideas and installations. It is a good idea to be projected into the far wall of a darkened room in a gallery somewhere with his. There are some quiet and quiet moments from his deeply planned speakers and his own work. It is a good idea to be projected into the far wall of a darkened room in a gallery somewhere with his. There are some quiet and quiet moments from his deeply planned speakers and his own work. It is a good idea to be projected into the far wall of a darkened room in a gallery somewhere with his. There are some quiet and quiet moments from his deeply planned speakers and his own work.

WDC 1786



Example 2

Inside Opt In The Open

EST. 1914

The hour-long DVD comes adorned with a statement from director Joss Roth in which he asserts his response: "to open up greater awareness of the importance of recognising the profound ability in this sector". Free just reads with proselytisers to survive in a ruthless workplace. But even labour won't notice save lawyers – cannot must be provided a story told. This film does neither of those things

Doubtless an experienced journey into the under known as this post, rather Dr. is the Open world, is attempt to be the multifarious structure of the genre a tangled history treated after others accept that. To follow the impression up that other Openness in Music is a few performances and also a writer William Parker group. In Order to Sumner Anthony footage of San Pa, Peter Eastman used a few other players is located here and there, perhaps but always too brief, and ultimately it is a sequel of the New York scene since 2001, with a few titles, a list of machines are interviewed - Parker Stage, Peter Sola, Michael Brown, Rowland Miller, John Lurie, Susan Brown and more, - but these

segments are speakers were illustrating to the performance footage. The utterances are presented with no clear link established between them, and no explanation of why these people were chosen and others weren't.

Furthermore, there is no EDITION factor in many of the muscivora taxa. Also, spiracles plethoras rather than explaining how few parasites, implying they do what they do. Only a few—William Parker Russell Road and Joseph Jansen at particular—were interested in reporting information a mosquito might find useful. The others focus on subcategory or profile the usual records, perhaps so commonly heard from the steps of the Viceroy's—staffed well, ring in the ears of the converted, between a rail a single record to a customer not already convinced.

It's the low-performance footage that's the DVD's selling point. But no one is allowed to turn it full screen, so even so that score the film that of what any viewer would wish it to be. This is the great disappointment of *Inside Out in The Quay* then: It's not a lesson in low pay, but rather one more testimonial to how letting the artists shoot their own glory — commendable, certainly, but insufficient.

PG-13 PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED

PHIL. FRIDMAN

Various
Live DVD: *Asak, Night 3*
Various

People taking in news with past TV reception, whose viewing schedules of frustrating interruptions to exercise glow red down from their sets. A few somewhat ambivalent about nationalized TV's relations with learning, say, deficits in determining images, struggling to acquire their correct load. But this 100 million DVD, documenting a 2007 concert in Tokyo featuring the Ashi Gakko's artist/producer Katsuo Shideya said much. Eason, Pa & Sorelli and Kagi Hasey in less personal terms, but also showing it for home consumption, then explaining the night's fall as a sensory assault. Shideya and co-director Yumiko Otsuka took a bit of time with a somewhat less lively, superimposed in it over the musicians after burning the in a process of distortion. Also see *Shideya*.

stems, while fingers snap from the vocal snarl in hysterical staccato, looking like a chaotic thrash of bamboo shooting out of a field of reeds. The visuals accompanying Scott's entrance are a futuristic circus experiments by Solar Feshner and Perry Smith for Shogun's own appearance, presentations of him impersonating sound as glass in a zigzag and squap into a dancing form in Edgiz White and Katsenji Ager. He's a lost vocal and digital throat act is deemed strong enough to get by without performance and...preserving their own vocals as always, Pat Sco on guitar their usual infinitely feature, sound of his new technology, the sound of a string, a constant footage, concluding the disc features the same artist in various combinations. Sound quality throughout is stellar.

BEYOND THE BARRIERS

On Site Exhibitions, performance art, installations, etc

Ben Kelly's *International Orange*



Ben Kelly & Collaborators International Orange STANLEY FINDER GALLERY STATIONER UPON FRAMES, 16

Although he is a successful designer, Ben Kelly will be most familiar to readers of *The Wire* through his association with Factory Records and its club, the Hacienda. Specifically he was the designer of the Hacienda's exterior, whose quasi-industrial collision of utilitarian aesthetics and pop art actually provided a cultural space for factory workers and their dance saloons, but a coded subtextually placing the civilizational of former spaces of sweatshop into New Media spaces and luxury flats.

International Orange, though extensible as living on the fabric release, is totally defined by this precedent. Or is it? Well there is a CD film at the Hacienda's dock, on the other side an acrylic painting of the same. This has an unexpected resonance with culture auditor Margaret Holgate's recent comments that modernist buildings should be demolished and dismantled via CD representations. It caters perfectly why this is such a terrible idea: as Ben's digital Hacienda is a business line space straight off a corporate.

Forward, Mollous and Moll.

Much of the show consists of ever familiar art historical games. *Four Studies* has a photo of Andy Warhol repeated and colored anamorphic images, and the final sink at the panel there is an orange version of Duchamp's *urinal*. Curiously, this is an almost exact mirror of the way Factory released art history in using its own identity

stripping off the films of *Fortunio* or *De Piero* or *Joe Jackson*. Factory always took the latest avant-garde at their mass production ward, bringing the 20th-century modernism onto the dance floor, taking the so to a mass audience that rarely had the first two means. To make reference to Duchamp or Warhol in an art gallery, meanwhile, elicits little more than a sigh of bored recognition.

The objects in here are full of references to past glories, as high reaches a particular note when you find *Alabaster*. A Hacienda feature (the linked with Kelly's yellow red black and red Peter Saville's typography), placed elegantly in a periscope frame. At best, this was perhaps a reference to the movie who made up a significant part of Factory's audience, but it exemplifies exactly the decline into the sort of "brand" and "counterweight" monoculture to which Factory was once a purposed alternative. The means are of course in a limited return, certainly not to be produced in terms of thousands of identical copies—until the Saville designed New Order album is. It's rather comforting that the latter are still by far the more desirable objects.

There's only one exhibit here that has any of the punk mystique. But was so critical to Factory's music world: *moderate*. A review of a laminated and reflective film has a chromatic-plaid wallfacing stick out onto it. A rather apt usage for an aesthetic that was once capable of striking industrial poetry, but is now only for producing off

OWN NATIONITY



Stephen Vitiello's *Finding Pictures In Search Of Sounds*

Stephen Vitiello Finding Pictures In Search Of Sounds ROCKAWAY LONDON, UK

This exhibition represents two new works by US sound artist Stephen Vitiello, but its title refers more to the first. It's housed in a small rectangular room with white walls, otherwise unremarkable save for speakers located on the floor and rear walls relaying a 14-minute multi-channel sound piece. Like Vitiello's last show at Museum ST, 2004's *Night Chamber* it was field recordings of night events made in different locations—in a empty beach in Texas, and near his home in Richmond, Virginia. Vitiello used these recordings, and photographs he took during the trip to Texas, as the basis and visual basis for two compositions, which were mixed with the original field tapes to form the final piece.

You would never be able to ascertain the place by listening to the piece. It's possible to distinguish between the field recordings and the compositions derived from them, but Vitiello blurs the boundary between the two. Unlike some, his compositions, while making specific sounds, are amplified and mixed passively. Like much of Vitiello's work, the exhibition evokes a fascination with and respect for the richness of sound natural environments can offer.

A handful of the photographs in the exhibition catalogue—taken during field trips

depicting forests, lakes and night skies, with black musical staves superimposed on some—complement and support the work. Because Vitiello's sound art is experimental in nature, as that it aims to reproduce a subjective experience of a scene environment, it's also inherently located in providing visual information about the geographical location used; the images function as both narrative clues and also sensory representations.

If the first work is what Vitiello has seen conceptually complex, the second is by contrast one of his simplest and most personal pieces. Its focus is unusually internal and depicted four speakers are embedded inside white walls and ceiling of a small, L-shaped room, playing a short, looped piece consisting recordings Vitiello made using his own body as a sound source. Heavy rubbings and traces something's complex nervous system, imbedded and physical dismember. There's bare language rhythms hanging from the ceiling slowly vibrates at random intervals, offering a delicate counterpoint an proceedings.

Also on display is the gallery's upstairs office as several of Vitiello's *Speaker Objections*. Vitiello's works there by using a speaker more with purpose and listening it with paper. The pigment is then forced into contact with the paper by a low frequency oscillation played through the speaker. The sticky circular textures which result are, in a broad sense, sound art.

NICK GAIN

On Location

Live and kicking: festivals, concerts, events in the flesh



Rilo Kiley



Alice Porten & Brian Condon



Boris



Metal Mulisha



Ramon El Horno & Mark E. Smith



Resonance 104.4fm

IN THE SKY

PSF New Wave, Bristol

Resonance FM's Ed Martin has been shortlisted for the UK's top engineering new music prize: his modest proposal - to develop a new work using the standard 54 VHF radio channel space, with 100kHz spacing, low-power, high-gain, ultra-low-power style machine (thumping great background organ plus gloriously beautiful music drama), with just 4 weeks provided by Alan Curtis, vocal procedures courtesy David Thomas, live performance by John Burt Foster, an orchestra or two, Resonance Radio Alastair plus extra special guests, whybites and all the trouble some of them, and so on. But then only one of 522 magnificent and mind-boggling ideas up for the award. Visit www.grafoundation.co.uk to see who has won on 21 April 2008.

Fourth Place

Resonance FM's Rob & Rebecca Smith propose 'Thine I Am, as Le Guere' (think *Les Mis*)' as one of the new proposals to occupy the fourth place in the UK's top engineering new music prize. Over the last year, many thousands of pounds in donations for the station. We hope you will take this opportunity to spread the word by emailing the *Thine I Am* Committee - public relations do count! This is your opportunity to change the face of the city. Details: www.london.gov.uk/fourthplace/platzfourth.jp

ON AIR

Where's the best place to see the new wave?

New gas pedal programming in May. Highlights include

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BERGEN INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL

NATTJAZZ

BERGEN NORWAY



21/5 BRYAN FERRY (UK) CASIOKIDS (N)

ELEPHANT9 (N) RADIOSTAR (DK)

MUSICMUSICMUSIC (S)

TVFT (DK/SF)

22/5 SCOTT HENDERSON

(US) BILAL (US) DAVID BINNEY (US)

SMALLSOUND (N) GJERSTAD/

EDWARDS/SANDERS (UK/N)

23/5 MEDESKI, MARTIN & WOOD (US)

MISS LI (S) PETTER WETTRE QRT (N/UK)

NEIL COWLEY TRIO (UK) HERO (N)

LITTLE RED SUITCASE (UK)

24/5 MIKE STERN (US)

SABAR RING (F/SF)

ANDRATX (SF/S/N)

DANS LES ARBRES (N/F)

PUBLIC ENEMA STORBRAND (N)

25/5 SWEET BILLY PILGRIM (UK)

SUSANNA (N) HUNTSVILLE (N)

26/5 TRIADE feat. MIKKO INNANEN (F/SF)

27/5 RAY ANDERSON (US) MOTIF (N)

SIWAN PROJECT feat. JON BALKE & JON HASSELL



28/5 JON HASSELL MAARIFA STREET (US/N)

BMX in PER JØRGENSEN (N)

JAZZINTRO: POST (N)

JAZZINTRO: CARAND'ACHE (N)

29/5 BBB feat. GIANLUIGI

TROVESI (N/IT) SEX MOB (US)

JAZZKAMIKAZE (DK/N) BALKE/STRØNEN /

JOHANSEN (N) AGBALAGBA DAADA (N)

TRIO BRAAM DE JOODE VATCHER (N)

30/5 TINARIWEN (MALI)

HOFF/ACUNA/MATHIESEN (N/PER)

ANGELS (S)

MARIA KANNEGAARD TRIO (N)

ALL EARS ALL SCARS (N)

31/5 BEADY BELLE (N)

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sponsored with Mark Fisher (Leyspark, Ben Whipple) & Paul Severance, Christopher Woodward & Steve Gorington 12.00 to 18.00, 10 only

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Museum of Garden History, Lambeth Palace Road, London SE1 7LB — full details and ticket information on www.museumofgardenhistory.org.uk/atmospheres2
Festival pass £35, evening concerts £12. Enquiries 020 7401 6945 www.touchmusic.org.uk/atmospheres2

Swedish Outsiders

Festival of experimental sounds and films

London UK
www.no-signal.net

no-signal is a small festival presenting a selection of Swedish experimental music in London. It also presents some projects and is open to artists to submit compositions, audio and experimental art, including live film collaborations with UK artists.

Tickets £10, full festival pass £35
www.no-signal.net and TouchMusic.co.uk

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Mats Gustafsson
Eva Persson
Roger Turner
Pet Thomsen
Tobias Rube
Tape
Carl Von Rosen
Widdler & Peasndrone
Bene Apocryphal
Johann Berding
Jon Willmerson
Heath Hyland
Miles Murray
more the
Lof Egegn
Knut Thorsrud
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 John NTSU solo
 "NATURAL MOUTH"

05. Omen / YOUNGERS with
 John NTSU solo
 "NATURAL MOUTH"

06. Omen / YOUNGERS with
 John NTSU solo
 "NATURAL MOUTH"

07. Omen / YOUNGERS with
 John NTSU solo
 "NATURAL MOUTH"

08. Omen / YOUNGERS with
 John NTSU solo
 "NATURAL MOUTH"

MUSIQUES INNOVATRICES

19th edition
 30, 31 May & 1 June

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 THOMAS AMHERSMEIT /
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 KELVIN ZERO

erikson / CATHERINE JAURHAUX
 LONGITAL
 JEROME FORET
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100 Records & Albums Catalogue 2008 - 2009

65daysofstatic

April 2008

01. British Thelma ++
 02. British Thelma ++
 03. British Thelma ++
 04. British Thelma ++
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7th annual
ERRORS
 "Get the Juice Out"

The official and international press of
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The official and international press of
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SonicRecycler4
 A night of musical recycling - 1000 artists
 Saturday May 10th

Blevin Sean
Blectum Hagan
David Toop
Aleks Kolkowski
Simon Bookish
 Helsinki, Finland

DI set:
Laetitia Sadier
Janek Schaefer
Iria Garmels
 Amsterdam, Netherlands

Supporting acts & live guests:
 Wednesday 10th May 2008 - London, 10th May
 11th May 2008 - London, 11th May
 12th May 2008 - London, 12th May
 13th May 2008 - London, 13th May
 14th May 2008 - London, 14th May
 15th May 2008 - London, 15th May
 16th May 2008 - London, 16th May
 17th May 2008 - London, 17th May
 18th May 2008 - London, 18th May
 19th May 2008 - London, 19th May
 20th May 2008 - London, 20th May
 21st May 2008 - London, 21st May
 22nd May 2008 - London, 22nd May
 23rd May 2008 - London, 23rd May
 24th May 2008 - London, 24th May
 25th May 2008 - London, 25th May
 26th May 2008 - London, 26th May
 27th May 2008 - London, 27th May
 28th May 2008 - London, 28th May
 29th May 2008 - London, 29th May
 30th May 2008 - London, 30th May
 31st May 2008 - London, 31st May

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Epiphanies

Lawrence English experiences the tedium of an Australian city broken by Boredoms' Broddingnagian waves of intensity



Flyer for Boredoms' 1996 Australian tour

For those who have met me for even a short amount of time, or stayed here at Hotel English in Brisbane, it's apparent I have enjoyed it not so secret love affair with Japanese culture at many levels. This fascination stems in large part from my familial biases: Between the musings of an ethnologist, connoisseur mother — who at various stages managed to assemble rather substantial collections of oriental prints, tapestries and assorted documentation — and a crassly doted-upon anime, including the destined cultural remake of *Auto-Bey* broadcast daily on our national television network. It was difficult not to be seduced by the inherent juxtapositions of Japanese culture. After all, it's a country that has rapidly shifted from an entirely meek self-sufficient island nation to something of a cultural-permeation factory, in which everything as it is known in the West is reinvented, recombined and repackaged, often with astounding results.

In terms of Japanese music and sound, it wasn't until the mid-80s that my interest was to spike beyond brief investigations into the auto-industrial Terry Riley-esque work of Joe Hisaishi in *Whodunnit* (The Valley Of The Wind, a vague hum-along to YMO and perhaps the odd realisation of Godegar's stillborn funk epic from the Ministry TV series. A lack of opportunity in acquiring (and buying track off) Japanese music was part of the course in Brisbane during the 80s. As Jon Davis noted in his *Global Ear* feature (The Wire 268, Brisbane has a history of partial cultural isolation, and I recall paying something along the lines of \$60 Australian dollars (per hour) for the first series of import records from Japan. I managed to track down — the equivalent of £36 (\$90) today, an unseasonable price that sums up the joys of the pre-Internet days in the Antipodes.

There were, however, a few significant events during the 80s that considerably shaped my (and

other Brisbane) interest in new approaches to music. For me, by far the most significant of these experiences was experiencing Boredoms during the I Fucked A Lot Of God's Got Where I'm Tour, in 1988 at a club in Fortitude Valley called The Roxy, whose original name sums up the regurgitative needs of anyone during that period.

Boredoms were brought to Australia as the support act of a local group named Regurgitator, who at the time were enjoying healthy support from theorists and wishing to make their name in Japan. Within moments of their show commencing, it was patently clear that, after Boredoms, the more conventional Australian headliners had little if anywhere to go.

Throughout much of the mid-80s, I had been part of an industrial noise group who well remember ourselves, but witnessing this hammering Japanese entity made that project appear increasingly dull. None of the decade-experiments of the group I was in came close to embodying the qualities (static) and complete willingness to allow nothing to unfold untested that I encountered in both Boredoms' performance and sound.

As hazy as the details are for me now, the concert appeared to consist of the Broddingnagian bands of noise captured on *Super Flux* (I interrupted by what were probably splattered remnants from Chocolate Synthetizer That night, Boredoms literally tore apart their own compositions, striking a heavy line between infrequent post-punk over-the-topism and mid-period avant composition, whereupon approximation of a stage presence that suited the chaos psychodrama of a late 80s Tokyo festival in part. In a matter of 40 minutes or so, the way I conceived sounds fitting together had been entirely reformatted. My understanding of noise, rhythm, structural evolution and performance had simply been erased and reset.

In retrospect, there was just something so impactful about the group as they joined *After Vision Creation* (1988), their work became more robust and transcendent, but it also became somewhat more predictable and ordered in a way that makes sense on even a cursory listen. In 1996, Boredoms were like a quickly deflating balloon, shifting medium without warning and all the while making weird, disconnected and unfamiliar sounds that somehow took on a disjuncted, new elegance.

While there was much haste and action on a stage as no point did the group seem to be reaching for an end — in fact if an end did come, it appeared moving at a vague but clear intention resulted into a different pathway through their densely crafted sonic forest. What bemused me most about Boredoms in a live capacity was their ability to take the time to play each section out — and it's undoubtedly this talent for realising the utmost from a given set of acoustic variables that has stuck with me most and ultimately shaped portions of my interest in sound creation.

Waves of intensity offered dense, but without the clutter of noise, instead they merely built upon each other — each wave creating an intensity which that was instantly replaced by another similarly swelling crest. No matter how rapid or slow paced the changes, they felt natural, as though Boredoms had collectively used an idea to the point at which nothing more could be gleaned; only to find it again as they flowed into the next passage by their seemingly arbitrary audio voyage. When the performance finally did stop, the audience was dumbstruck but dutifully forthcoming with applause — and my understanding of the possibilities of shaping and controlling sound had been forever repositioned. (I learned English's Ken No Ono will be out on tour near this year.

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Raster-Noton Speed Of Sound Of Raster-Noton

An equation masquerading as a T-shirt design, courtesy of the Raster-Noton label (www.raster-noton.de). Printed in white and green is an olive green shirt, with The Wire-ut printed in white on the right sleeve. Limited edition of 100 shirts.

NR Raster-Noton marks its 12th anniversary this month with an event at London's ICA. See Out There for details.



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